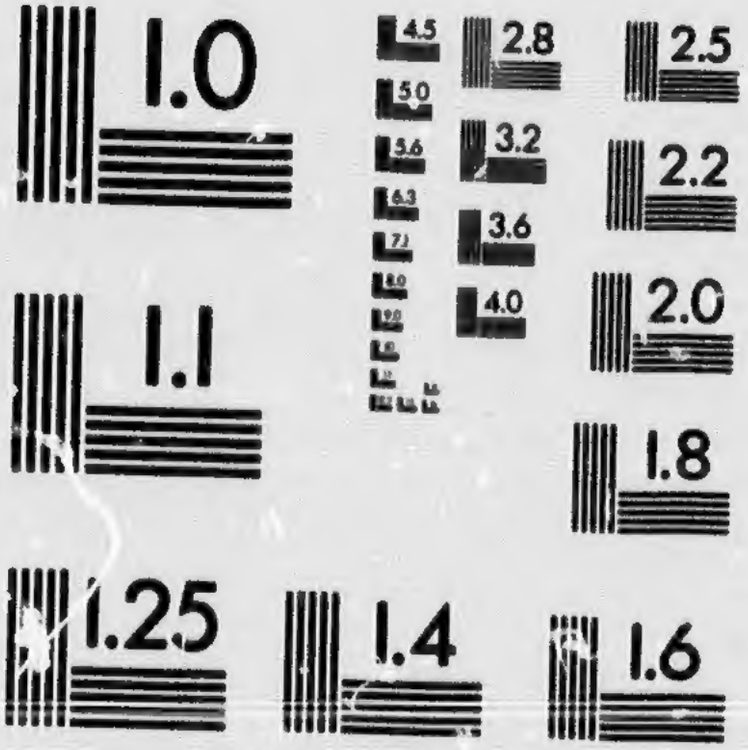
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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NEW BRUNWICK

CHURCH HARMONY.

A COLLECTION

[illegible] English and American Tunes,

BY ZEBULON [illegible]TEY

SAINT JOHN, N.B.

[illegible] MARKET [illegible]

1839.

Agnes L. Gerrell September the 14th

391

The notes of the diato
The seven first letters of th
letter the st is repeated.

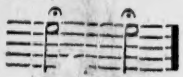
For Bass.

Space Abo
Fifth Line
Fourth Sp
Fourth Line
Third Space
Third Line — D
Second Space — C
Second Line — B
First Space — A — aw
First Line — G — O —
Space below — F

Th CLEF is placed on the

tinct-
it be

e half
Semi-
when
three Crotchets, &c.



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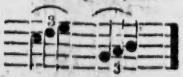

any three
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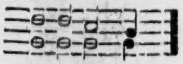
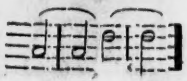


a direct line,
hich, or both



bends two or more
space, tied with
one name, and

S
and

1st. '

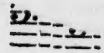
2d. T

3d. '

4th.

a
4

te, and
he first.



The *F*
formed o
in the pr

No.

TF
three
1

'g, mi is

is in E.
is in A.
is in D.
s in G.

itone;

rules
his is
h at
good
lves
egli-
at-
em.

When the learner has acquired a ready acquaintance with the rules, he ought to attend to the *Lessons for Tuning the Voice*, on which ods his future progress, and he ought not to attempt a tune till he can sound the several intervals in the octave readily.

Many schools have begun upon tunes, when they could scarcely have given a letter upon the scale, which is another cause that there are so many half singers. The learner may be sure that the more thoroughly he understands the principles, when he ought to attend to them, the more swift will be his progress afterwards.

Schools then ought to be solicitous that their instructers be well qualified, for how can they instruct others, when they are ignorant themselves? Learn n that case, are led to suppose that they have improved, when the y have not, and consequently their time and money are both spen no manner of purpose.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

When a tune is well learnt by note, it may rds. Pronounce every word as distinctly as possible. S generally fail in this point, by which means half the beauty of the musick is lost, the words not being understood.

In assigning voices to the several parts, the Teacher must be the judge. For if a voice which is suitable only for bass, be put upon the Tenor, it will hang as a weight upon that part, and have a tendency continually to lower the pitch.

Never sing through the *Nose*, for that will spoil the voice, make the musick disagreeable, and have a disgusting effect on the hearer.

High notes should generally be sung softer than the low. The *subject* ought however to regulate the strength of voice. The tone of the Bass should be full and majestic; of the Tenor, bold and manly; of the Counter, soft yet firm; of the Treble, smooth and delicate. Suitable attention should always be paid to the *Directive terms.* A goo

In a comp performers, occur; the adu erally succeeds give peculiar f manner of condu agreeable sensatio

The graces and *poggiatures, Transi* attention; the learne judgment dictate whe

☞ I here Syn by the Instructo, than by w here omitted.

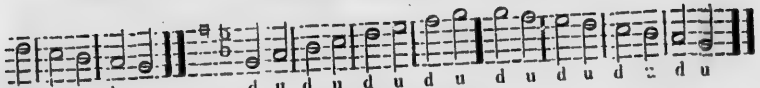
LESSONS FO

When learning the fol to give every note its situation of the Ser the time, be even *fall* at the *begin*

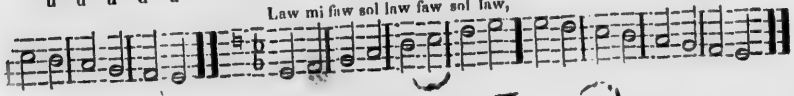
The more easier you w wholly, you c taint

TUNING THE VOICE.

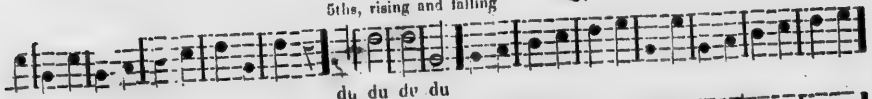
SECOND LESSON, in the Minor Octave.



Law mi faw sol law faw sol law,



5ths, rising and falling



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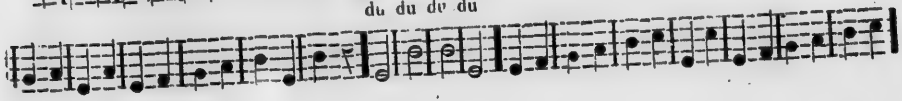
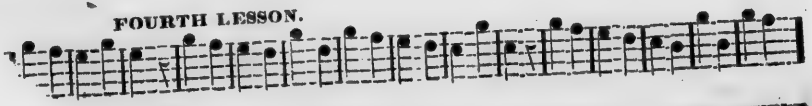
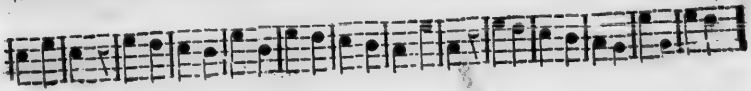
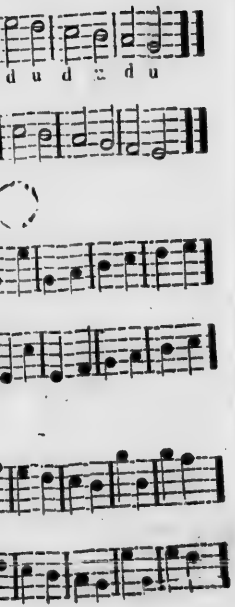


FOURTH LESSON.



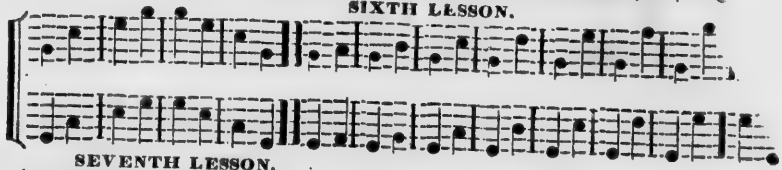


Octave.

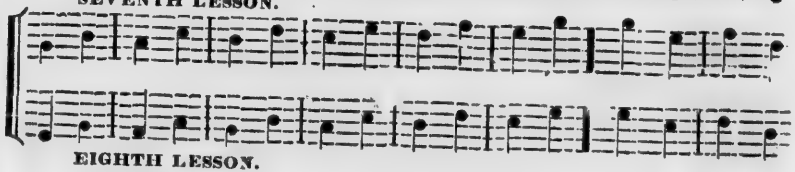


8ths, rising at.

SIXTH LESSON.



SEVENTH LESSON.

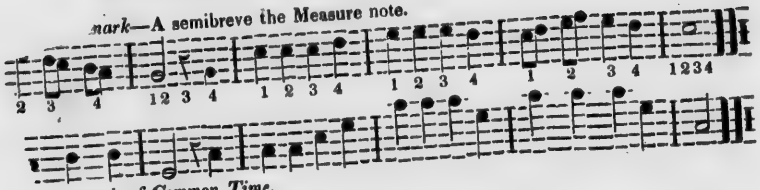


EIGHTH LESSON.

rising 5th, and falling 4th. rising 4th, and falling 5th. rising 3d, ar

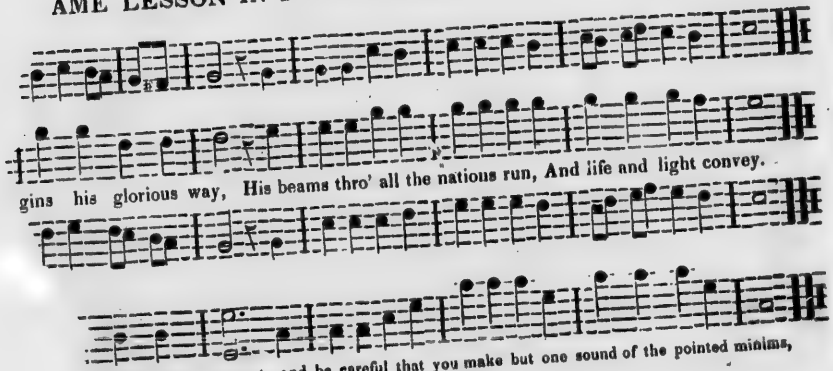
HARMONY OF TWO PARTS.

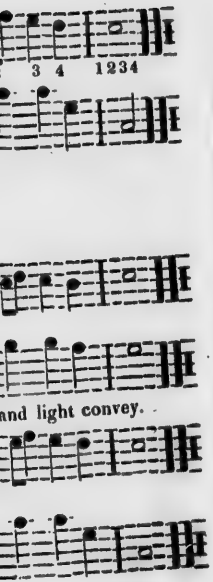
mark—A semibreve the Measure note.



first mark of *Common Time.*

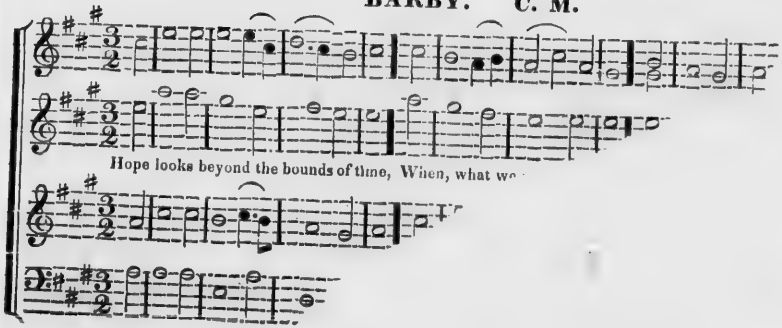
AME LESSON IN FOUR PARTS.



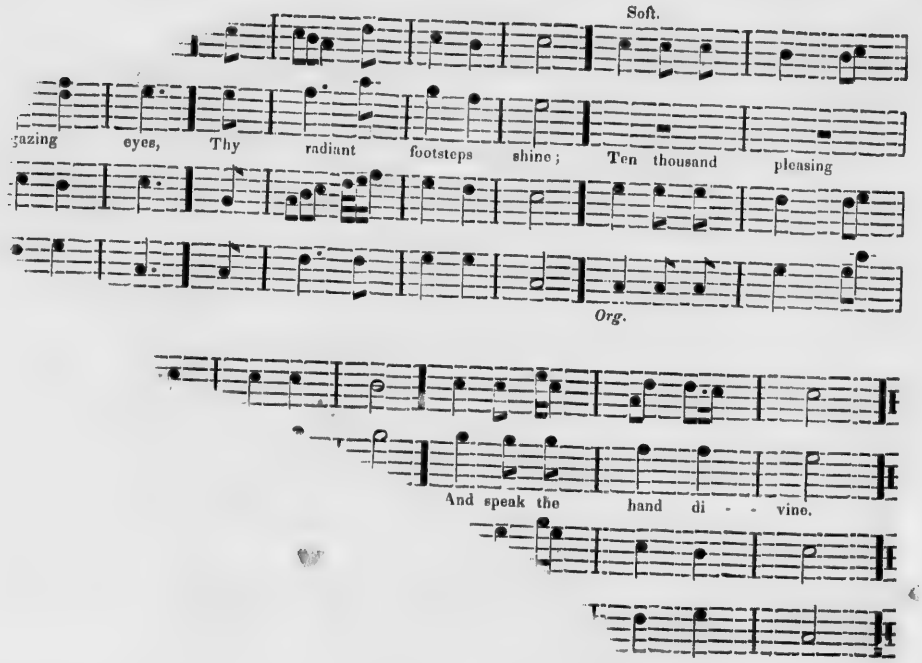


New Brunswi
CHURCH HARM

BARBY. C. M.



M.

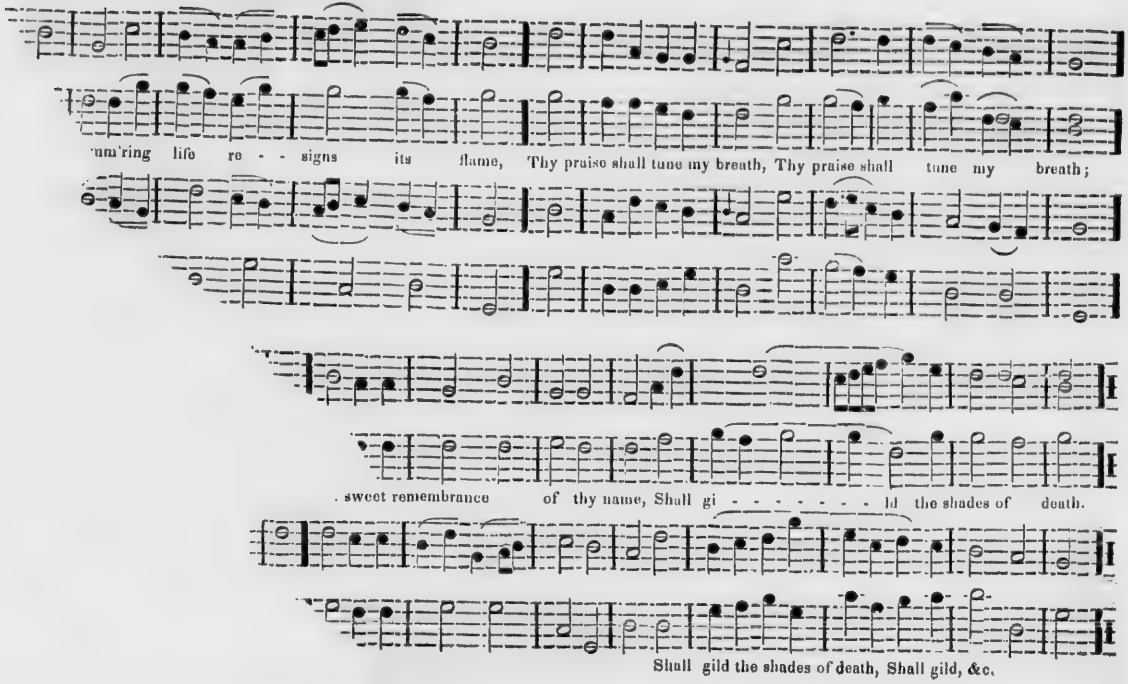

Soft.
gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing
Org.
And speak the hand di - - vine.

ST. ALBAN'S. C. M.

Now to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ; My tongue

works a - - broad, And tell the world my joy. And

SOLWAY. C. M.


um'ring life re - - signs its flame, Thy praise shall tune my breath, Thy praise shall tune my breath;
. sweet remembrance of thy name, Shall gi - - - - - - - ld the shades of death.
Shall gild the shades of death, Shall gild, &c.

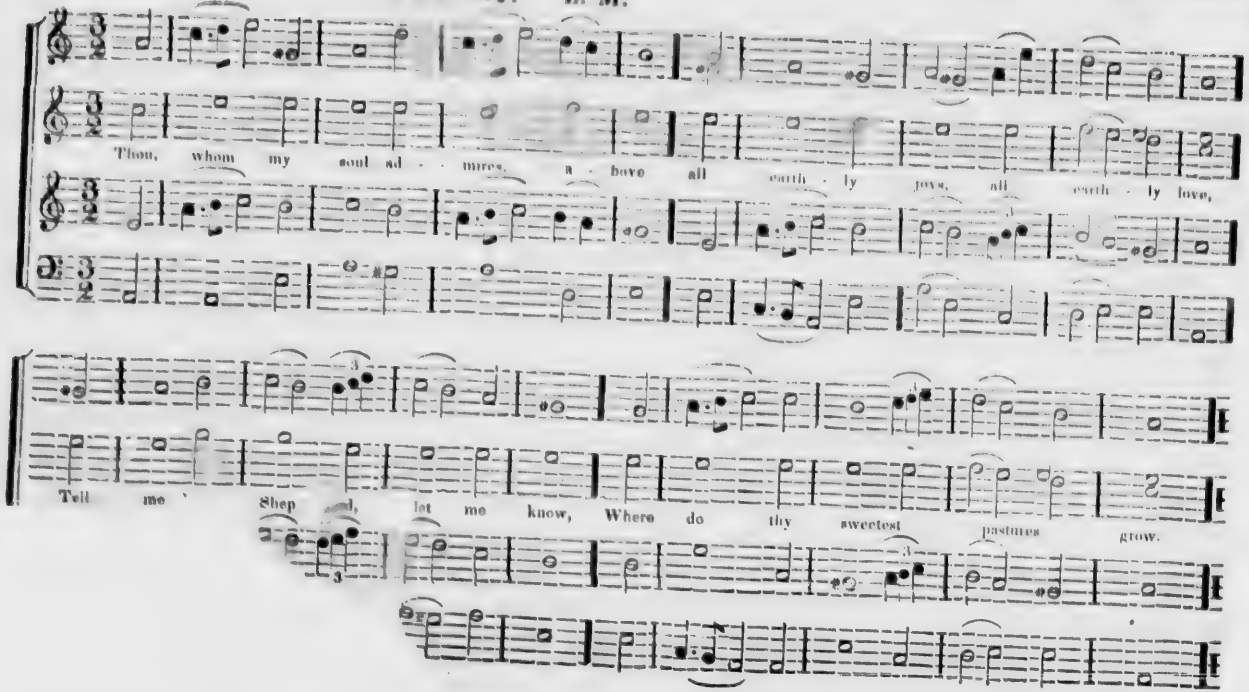
LIMEHOUSE. L. M.

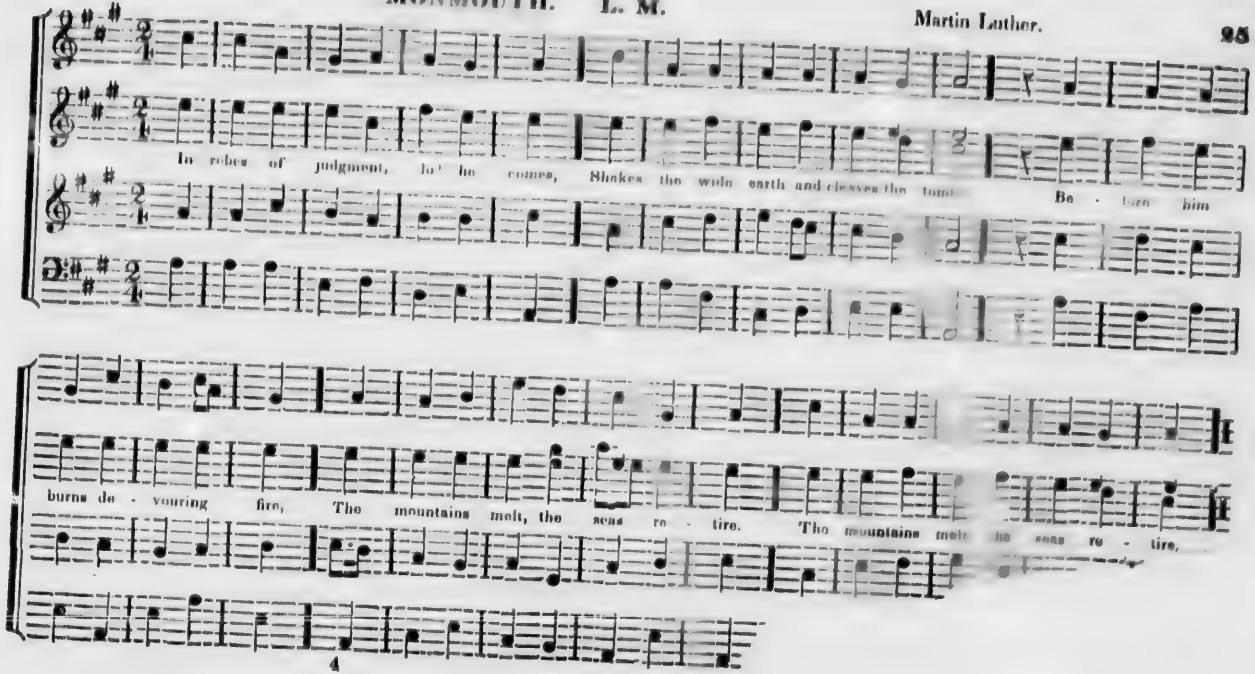
Husband.

In mem'ry of your dy - - ing Friend, Do this, he said, till time shall end;

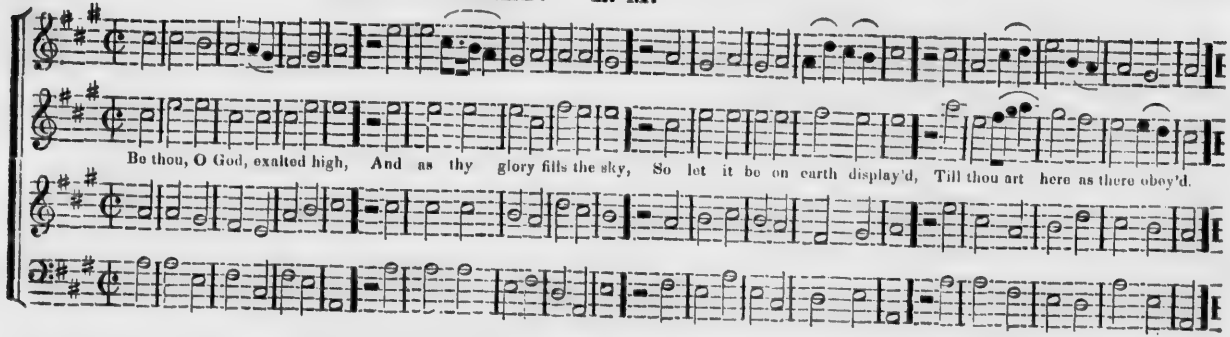
Meet at my ta - ble and re - cord The love of your de -

ARMLEY. L. M.

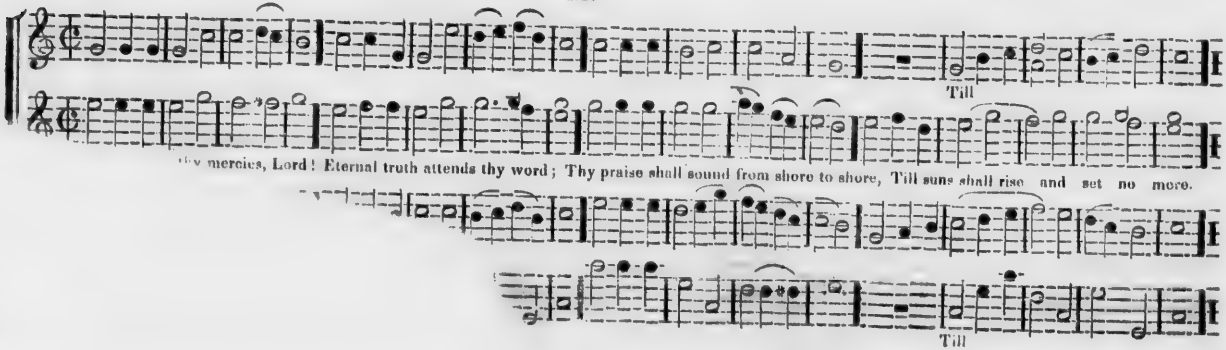

Thou, whom my soul ad - mires, a - bove all earth - ly joys, all earth - ly love,
Tell me Shep - herd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.


In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tomb. Be - fore him
burns de - vouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire. The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



ORLAND. L. M.



PALEY. L. M.

Soft.

Thou, whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earthly joys, all earthly love, Tell me, my

Loud.

Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow. Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.

Org.

SILVER-STREET. S. M.

Smith.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

Aes.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

S.

REDEEMING LOVE. **P. M.** 7's, or 6 lines. Dr. Worgan.

Now be - gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Jesus' name, Sing a - loud in Jesus' name.

Ye who Jesus' kindness prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love. Triumph in re - deem - ing love.

T. S.

PUTNEY. L. M.

Williams's Coll.

Air. Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord, When he complain'd in tears and blood, Like one forsaken of his God.

LISBON. S. M.

Read.

Welcome, to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

Air. Welcome, sweet day of rest, that saw the Lord arise;

Welcome, to this reviving breast, And these re - joicing eyes.

Welcome, to this reviving breast, And these rejoic - - - - - ing eyes.

Welcome, to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, And, &c.

ELYSIUM. 8. M.

W. Arnold.

2d Treble.

On the fair heav'nly hills, The saints are blest a - - bove, Where joy like

Tenor.

morning dew dis - tils, And all the air is love. And all the air is love.

SUMNER. C. M.

Maxim.

Air. Could we but climb where Moses stood And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore, Should fright, &c

BUCKFIELD. L. M.

Maxim.

Where he is gone they fain would know,

Air. When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Saviour dwell,

Where he is gone they

Where he is gone they fain would know, That

Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and

That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That, &c.

fain would know, That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where, &c.

love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where, &c,

PLAINFIELD. C. M.

Kimball.

Moderate. *Soft.*

AIR. Let Him to whom we all belong, His sov'reign right assert, And take up ev'ry thankful song, And ev'ry living heart. He

Loud.

justly claims us for his own, The Christian lives to Christ alone, To Christ alone he dies, To Christ alone he dies.

Who bought us with a price;

SHELBURNE. C. M.

In Zion let us all appear And

Air. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say,

In Zion let us

In Zion let us all appear And

In Zion let us all appear And keep the solemn day.

keep the solemn day, In

all appear, And keep the solemn day, In Zion let us all appear And keep, &c.

keep the solemn day, In

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

Maxim.

Thou makest the sleeping billows

AIR. Thy words, the raging winds control, And rule the boisterous deep;

Thou makest the sleeping

Thou makest the sleeping billows roll, The roll - ing

Thou makest the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep

roll, The roll - ing billows sleep, Thou, &c.

...ws roll. The rolling billows sleep, Thou makest the sleeping billows roll, The roll - ing billows sleep.

Thou, &c.

Thou, &c.

ELEMENT. L. M.

Life, love and joy still gliding thro' And

Air. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love and joy still

Life, love and joy still gliding through And

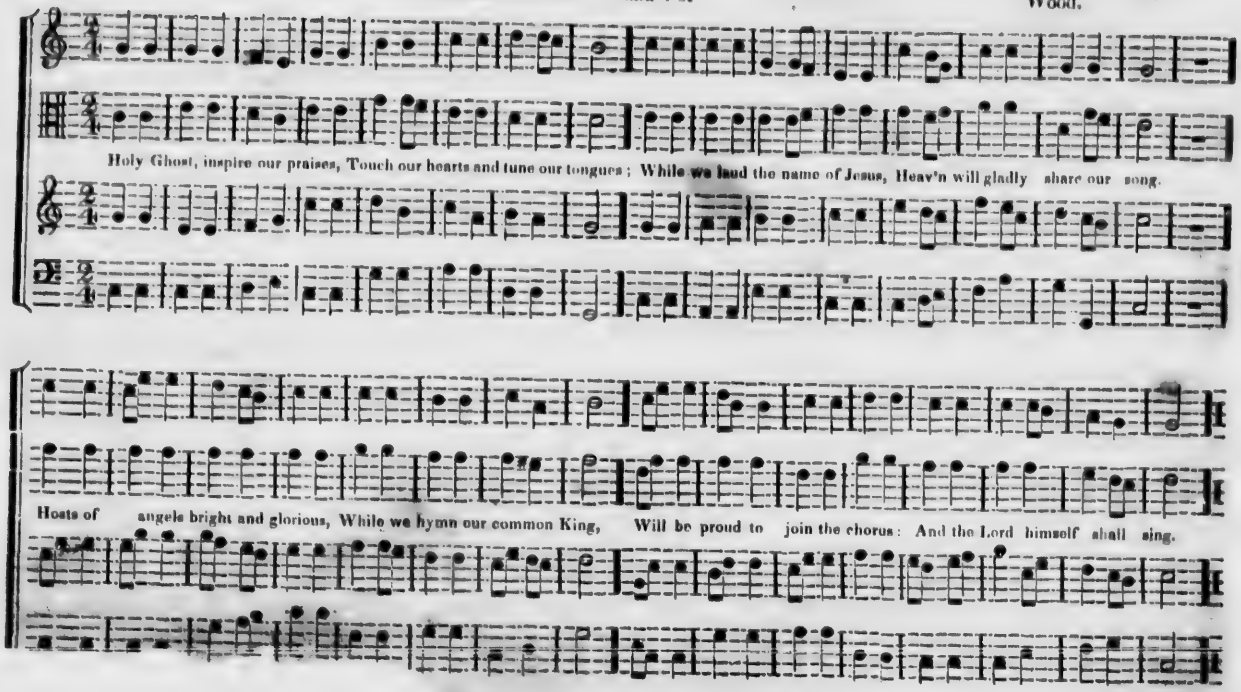
wat'ring our divine a - - - - bode,

glid - ing thro' And wat'ring our divine a - - bode, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

wat' - ring our di - vine a - - - - - bode.

WATERFORD. 8 s and 7's.

Wood.



PORTLAND. L. M.

O may my heart, &c.

Air. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may, &c.

Like, &c.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in, &c.

Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may, &c.

O may my, &c.

WATERFORD. 8's and 7's

Nolten.

SURRY. L. P. M.

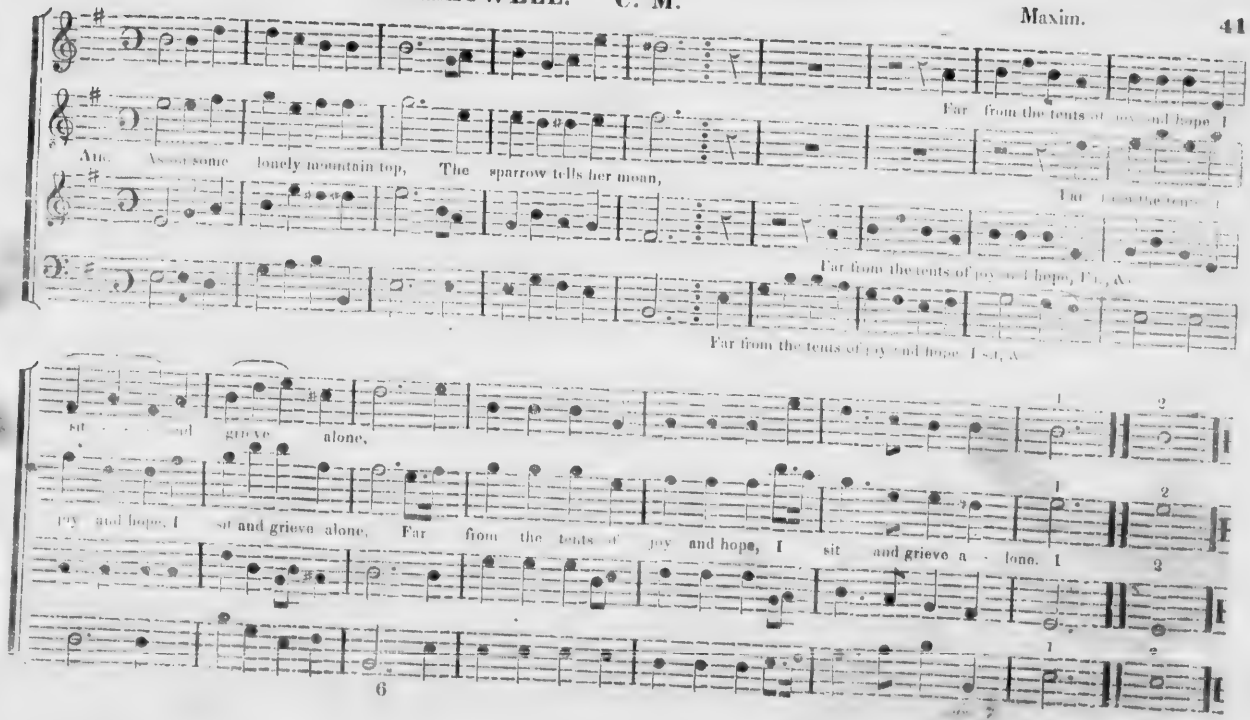
40

Air. Happy the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth, and seas with all their train;

His truth forever stands secure, He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his promise vain.

poor, ... And none shall find his promise vain.

HALLOWELL. C. M.



CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

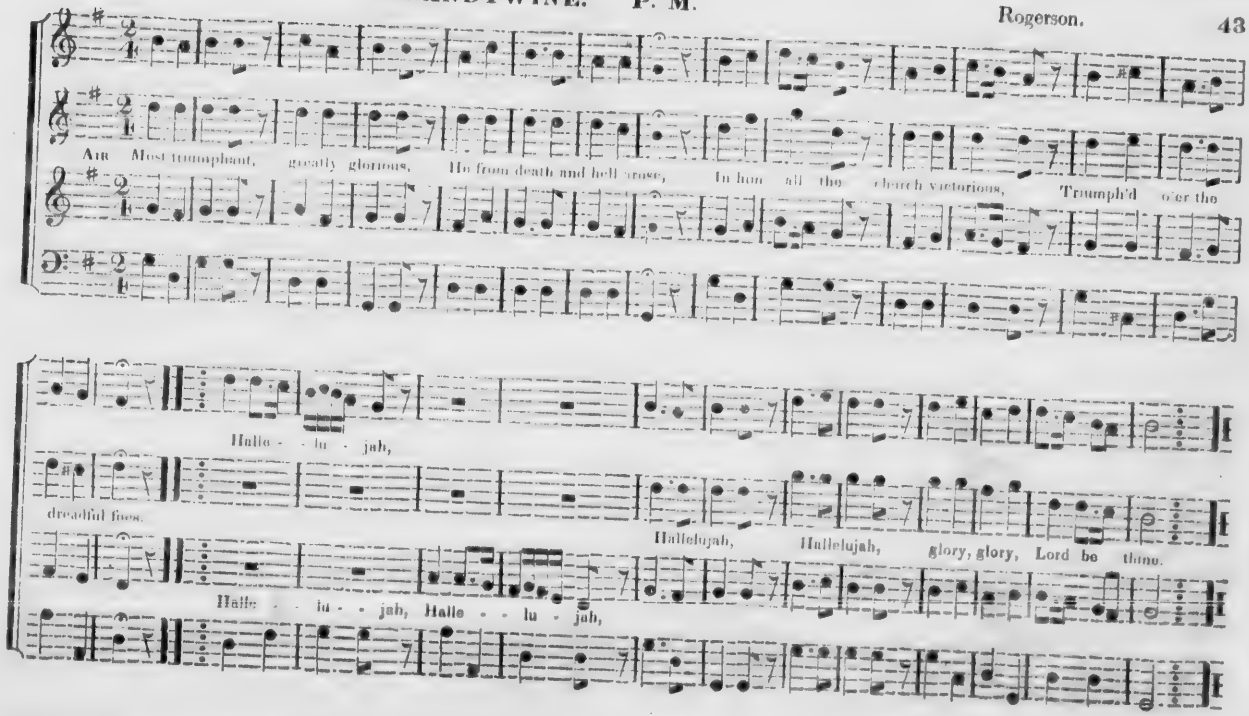
Babcock.

AIR.

Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord; When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of his God. The

Jews beheld him thus forlorn, And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn, "He rescu'd others from the grave, He rescu'd, &c. Now let him try himself to save."

BRANDYWINE. P. M.



GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

Edson.

AIR. God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press: In him undaunted we'll confide:

Tho'

Tho' earth were from her

Tho' earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn, &c.

Tho' earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

earth were from her centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide,

centre tost, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

EVENING-SHADE. S. M.

Troup.

Am. The ev'ning shades of life, Have stretch'd themselves along; My threescore years are almost fled, And like an ev'ning gone, My threescore years are

gone, My

gone. My

threescore years are almost fled, And like, &c.

almost fled, And like an ev'ning gone, My threescore years are almost fled, And like an ev'ning gone.

threescore years are almost fled, And like an ev'ning gone,

WATCHMAN. S. M.

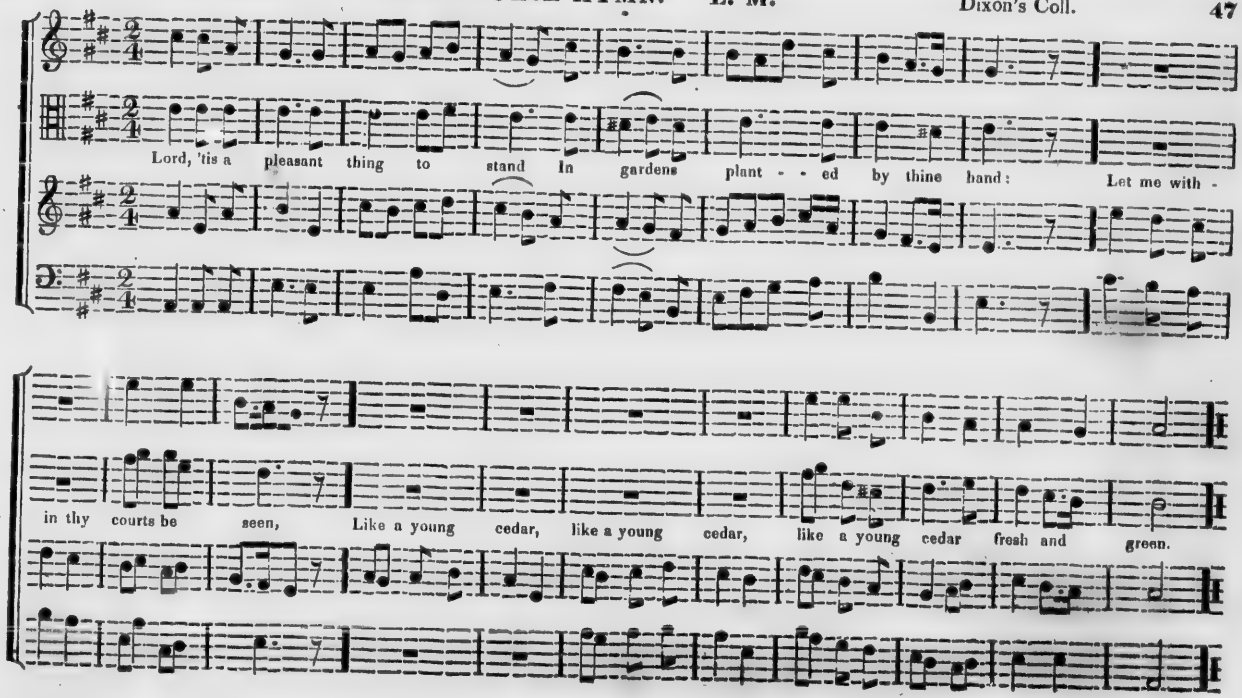
Leach.

Air. Ah, when shall I awake From sin's soft soothing pow'r, The slumber from my spirit shake, And rise to fall no more?

WINDHAM. L. M.

Read.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there, But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.


Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens plant - - ed by thine hand: Let me with -
in thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, like a young cedar, like a young cedar fresh and green.

PSALM 34th. C. M.

J. Stephenson.

The praises of my God shall

Am. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my

The praises of my God shall still, The

The praises of my God shall still, The

st The praises of my God shall still, My heart, My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue em - - - ploy.

God, The praises of my God shall still. My heart - - - - - - and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

praises of my God shall still, My heart - - - - - - and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. Williams.

How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice, "Come, let us seek our God to day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

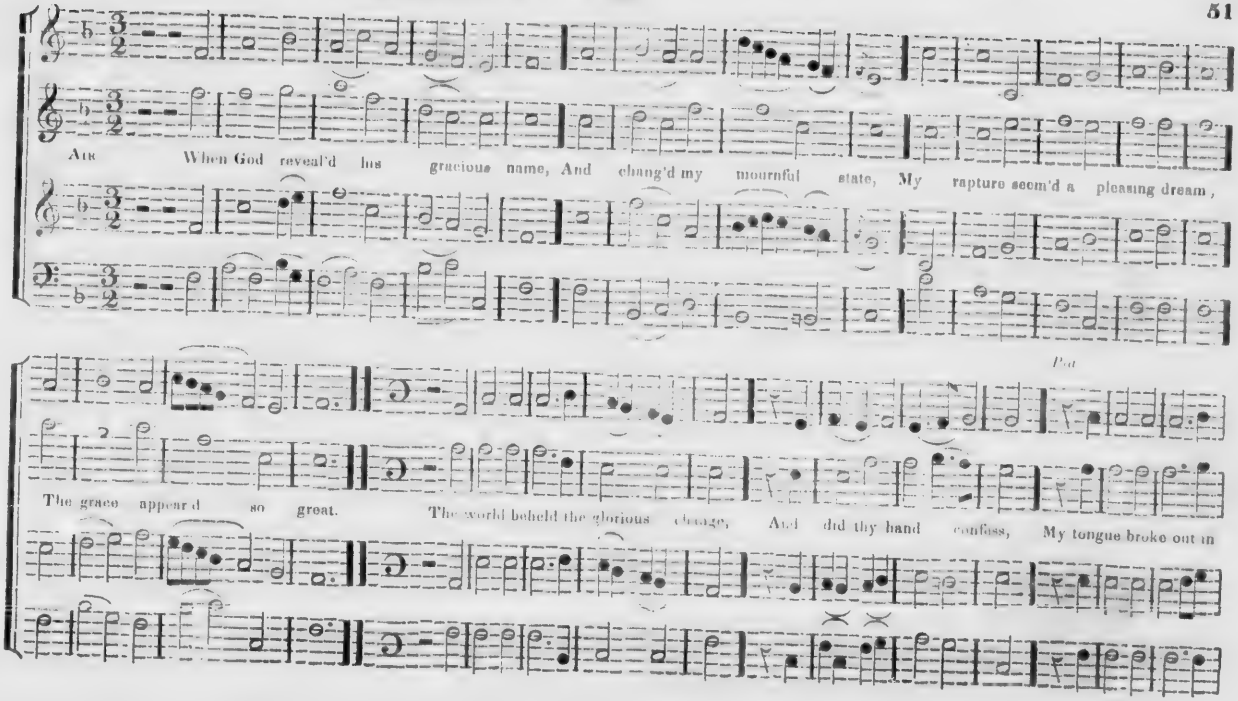
7

JUDGMENT. 10's.

Reed.

Behold! the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come,

To hear his justice and the sinner's doom, But gather first my saints, the Judge commands: Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.


Air
When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great. The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess, My tongue broke out in

ARCHDALE. Continued.

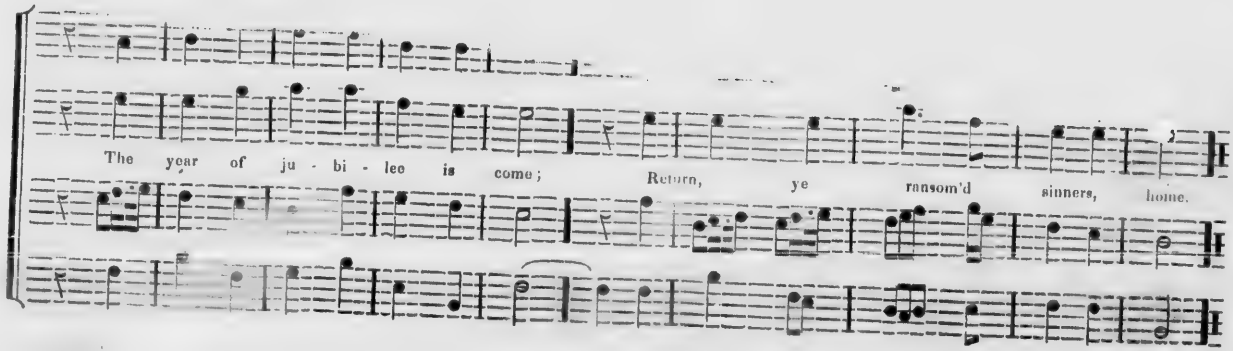
For.

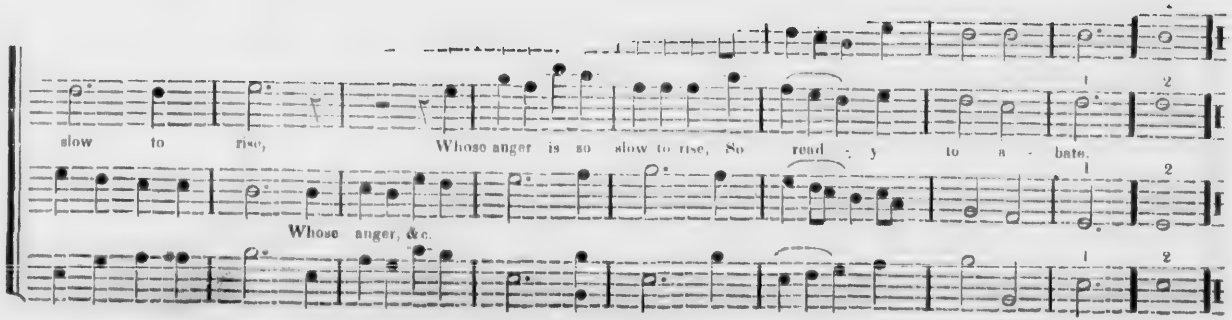
unknown strains, And sung sur - prising grace, My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur - prising grace.

CHARLESTON. C. M.

SLOW.

With earnest longings of the mind, My God to thee I look, So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook, And, &c.


The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.


slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
Whose anger, &c.

MOULINES. C. M.

Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust; Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.

Slow

Praise to the Lord of boundless might, With unere - a - ted glories bright; His presence fills the world above, Th' eternal source of light and love.

BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

Williams's Coll.

Help, Lord! for men of virtue fail, Religion loses ground; The sons of wicked - ness prevail, And treacheries abound.

HOPKINTON. L. M.

Wood.

Death like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and withered in an hour.

HINSDALE. C. M.

Holyoke.

Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy, &c

And raise me to thy throne;

Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy presence joys unknown

Thou wilt reveal the paths of life,

Thy courts immortal pleasure, pleasure give, Thy presence, &c

Thy courts immortal pleasure give, Thy, &c. Thy, &c

COWPER. L. M.

Holden.

It means thy praise, &c.

Forgive the song that falls so low Beneath the gratitude I owe:

It means thy praise, how-

It means thy praise, however poor, It means, &c.

It means thy praise, however poor, It means, &c.

ever poor, An angel's song can do no more. It means, &c.

NEW TRIUMPH. L. M.

James.

Air.

Par.

For.

And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

Say live forever wond'rous king, Born to redeem and strong to save; Then ask the monster where's thy sting?

Then

For.

ask the monster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

GROTON. L. M.

Sanger.

1st Treble. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.*

2d Treble.

Tenor. Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice Make rocks and hills his praise rebound; Praise him with harp's melodious noise, And gen - tle

For. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

pastur's silver sound. Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motion dance; Let instruments with various strings, With organs join'd his praise advance.

AMHERST. H. M.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your song em - - ploy,

Above the starry frame. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

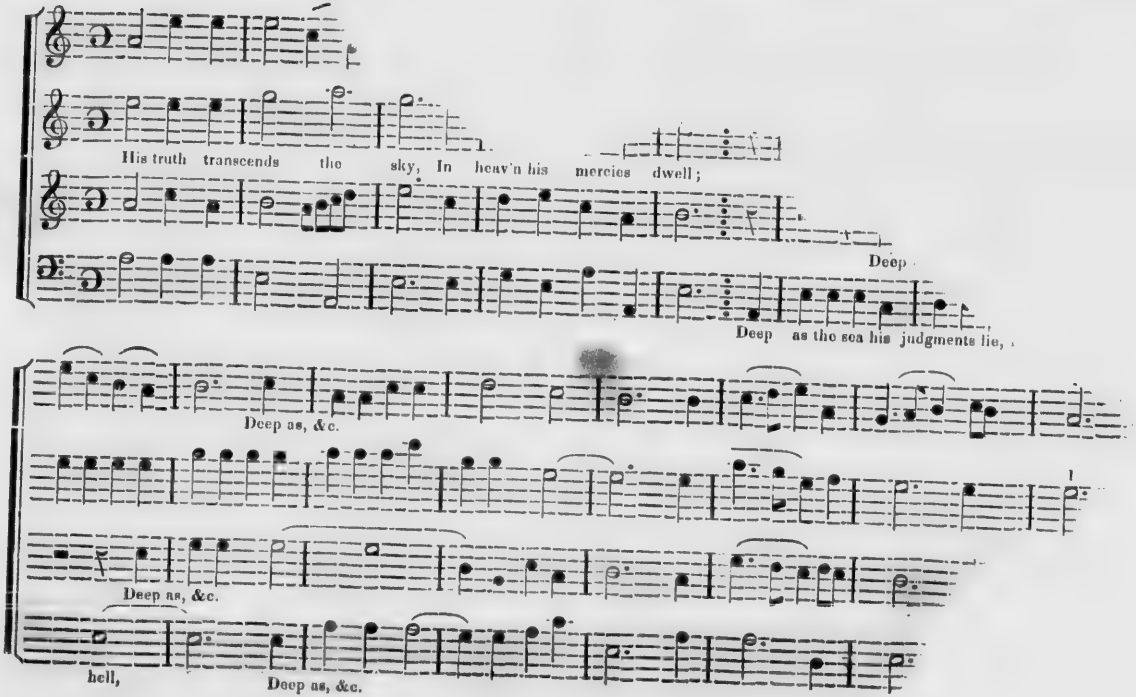
HARMONY. P. M.

A. Ellis.

Wake all ye soaring throng, and sing; Ye cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise To him, who shap'd your

finer mould, Who tipt your glitt'ring wings with gold, To him, &c.

And tun'd your voice to praise


His truth transcends the sky, In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
Deep as, &c.
Deep as, &c.
hell,
Deep as, &c.

lifted high, Above my foes a - - round,

ngs of joy and vic - to - ry, sound. Within thy temple sound,

f joy and victory, Within thy temple sound. sound, sound, Within thy temple sound

Within, &c. sound,

sound,

MAJESTY. C. M.

The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast, The dark . . . ness of the sky. On cherubs and on cherubim, Full royally he rode,

MAJESTY. Continued.

on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

MEAR. C. M.

A. Williams's Coll.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear, Our tribes devoutly say, Up Isr'el to the temple haste, And keep your festal day.

WOBURN. L. M.

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum.

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er de - part.

Fondly I said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

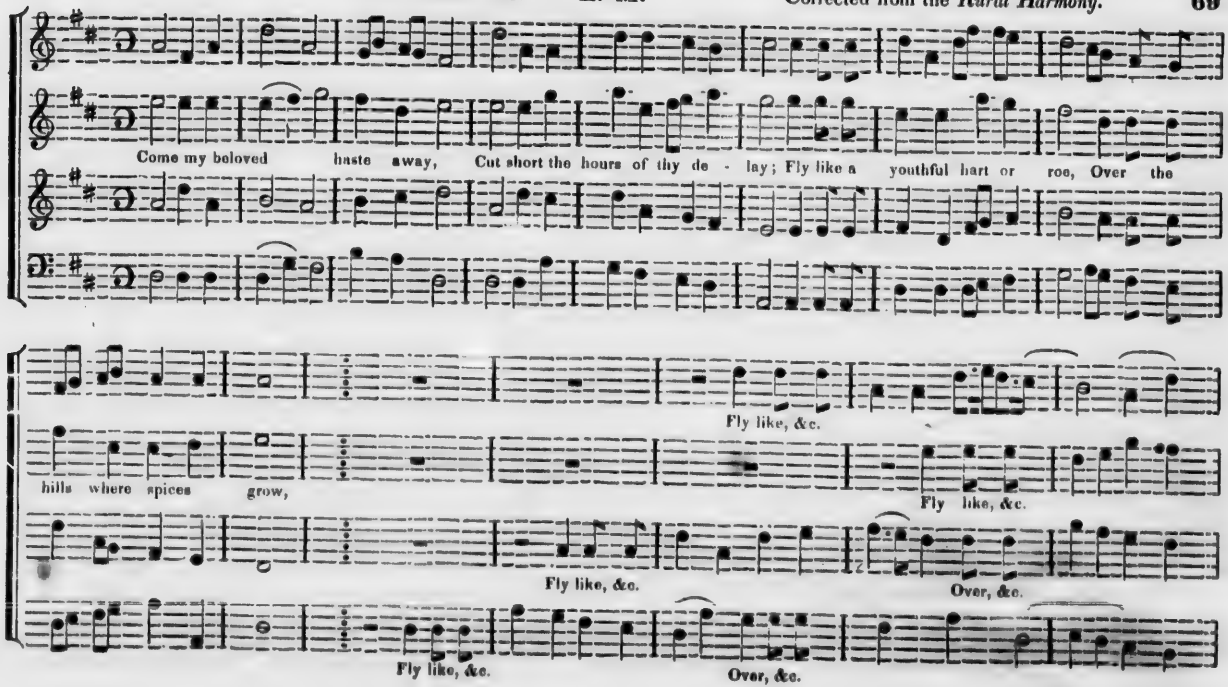
Pleasure, &c.

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

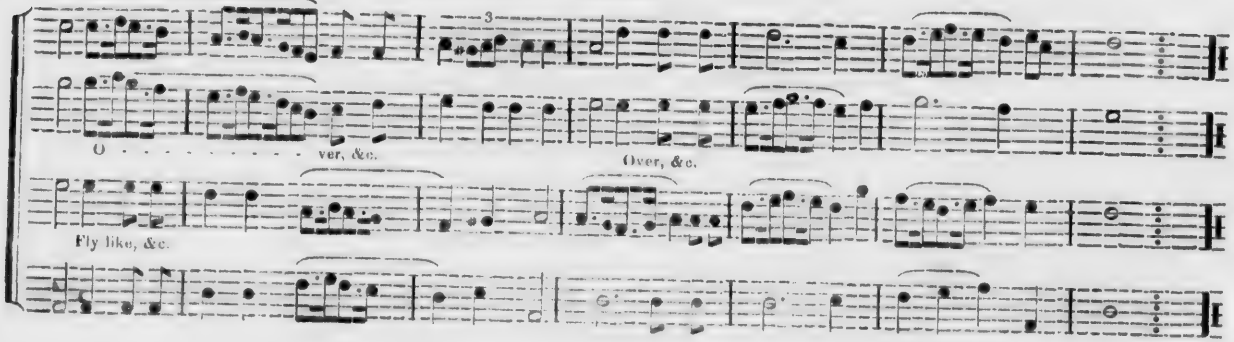
M. Kimball.

Where God and saints abide, Affords diviner joy, Than thousand days beside:

Where God resorts, I love it more To keep the door, Than shine in courts.

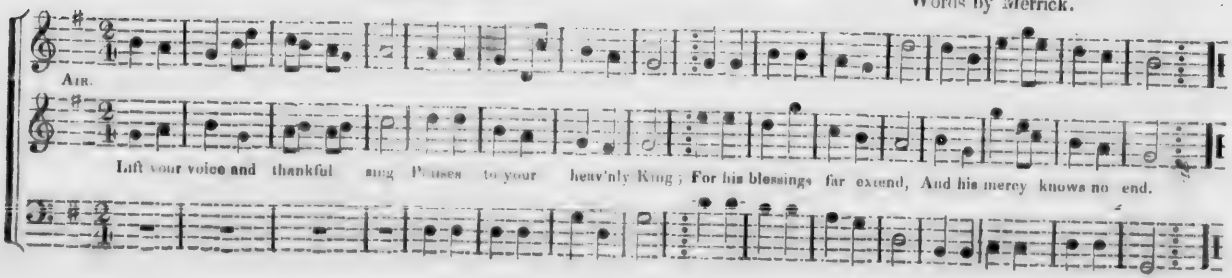

Come my beloved haste away, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the
Fly like, &c.
hills where spices grow,
Fly like, &c.
Fly like, &c.
Over, &c.
Fly like, &c.
Over, &c.

INVITATION. Continued.



ELIM.

Words by Merrick.



JESSOP'S LAMENTATION.

Words by Rev. W. Jessop.* Humbert.

Whose weeping, &c.

This tree a sacred monument I rear, Whose weeping boughs, weeping boughs give birth to vent the flowing

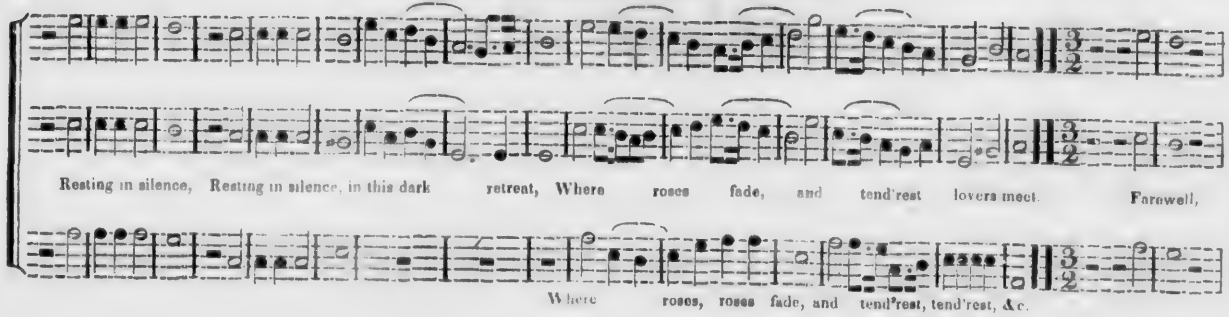
Whose weeping boughs, weeping, weeping, weeping, &c.

tears; And shall in future years Tell me that thou art here. The roses at thy feet Shall also bear a part, And information give, That here thou art. Resting in silence,

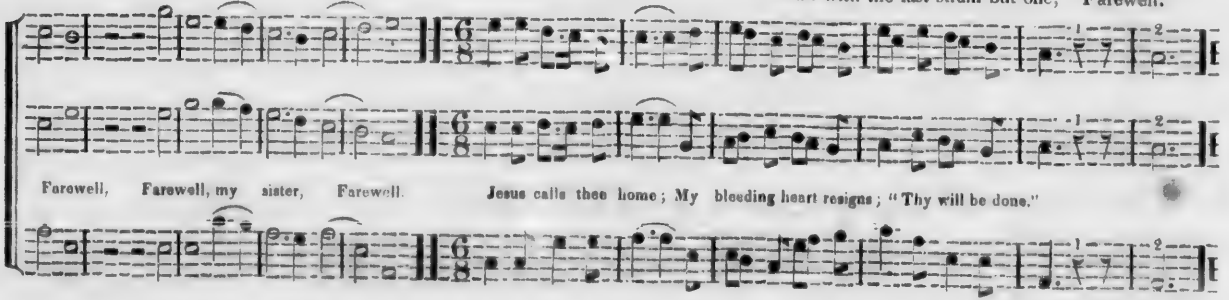
Tell me, Tell me, &c.

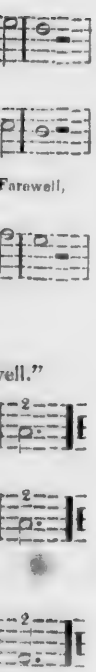
* Occasioned by the death of his sister, on whose grave he planted a weeping-willow and a rose-bush, and inscribed these lines

JESSOP'S LAMENTATION. Continued.



End with the last strain but one, "Farewell."





FUNERAL.

Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He

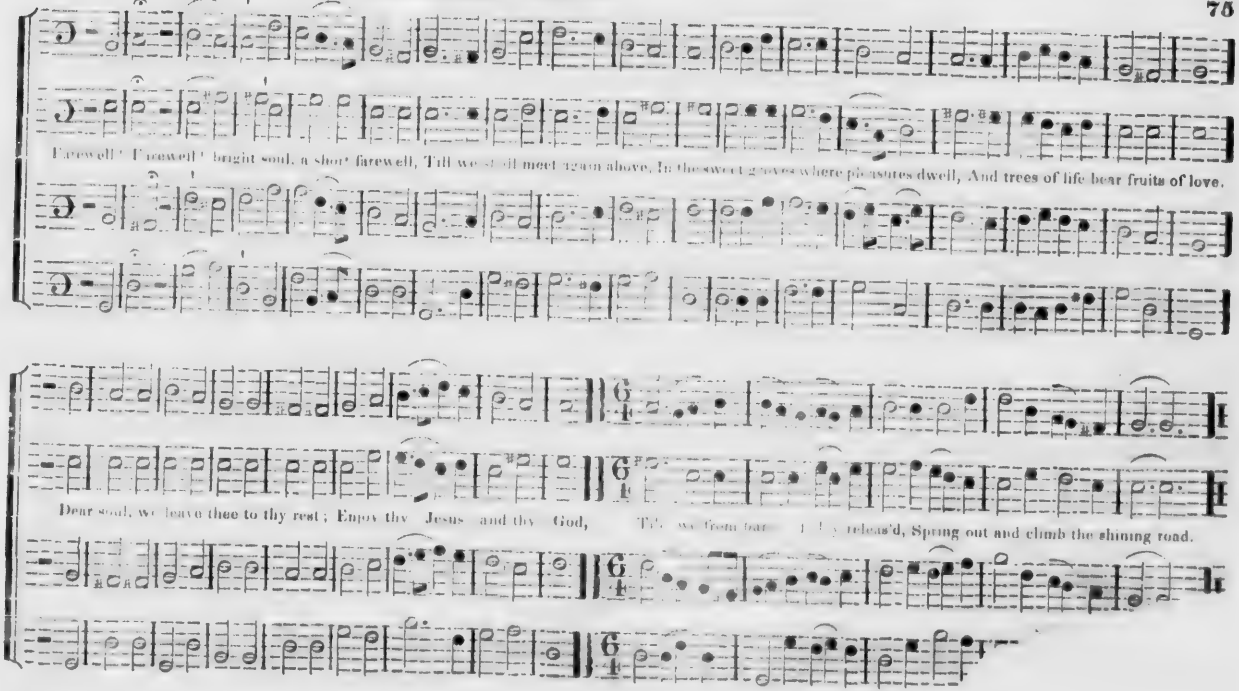
fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not; As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up;

STOCCATO.

more, They shall not awake, They shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

They shall not awake,

But why lament departing friends, Or shake at death's a - - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.


Farewell! Farewell! bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.
Dear soul, we leave thee to thy rest; Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
release'd, Spring out and climb the shining road.

GASCONY. C. M.

AIR.

To thee, before the dawning light, My gracious God, I pray; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.

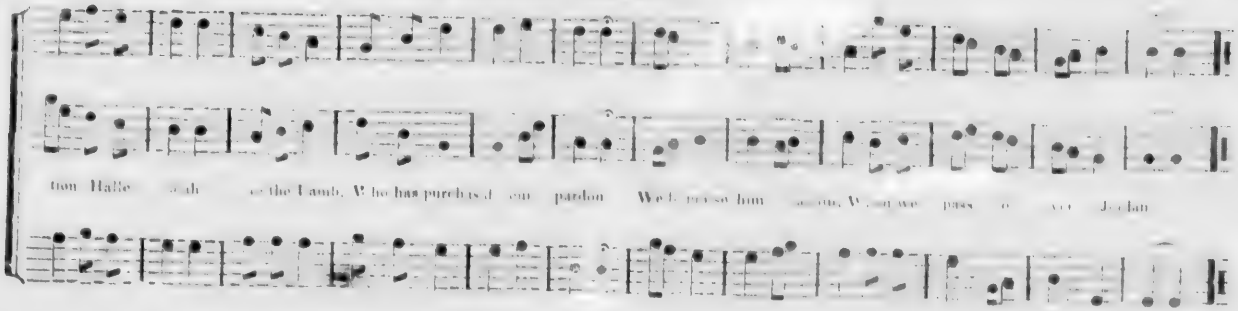
Pia.

When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My tho'ts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.

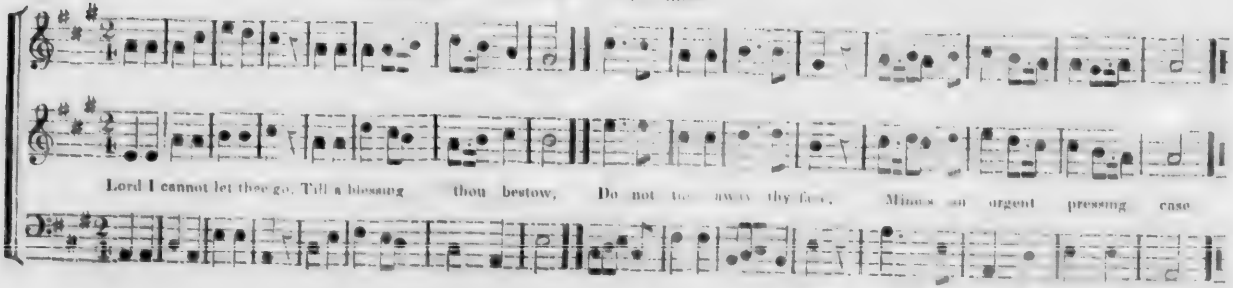
The voice of free grace Cries escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain

For sin and transgression, And ev'ry pollution; His blood it flows freely, In streams of salva-

FREE GRACE. Continued



HARTS. P. 50. 7's, 4 lines



FALL OF BABYLON.

Beaumont.

Moderato.

Pia.

In Ga - - briel's hand, a mighty, mighty stone, Lies a fair type of Babylon Prophets rejoice,

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone,

For.

Pia.

And all ye saints, God shall avenge your long complaints. He said, he said, and dreadful as he

stood, He sunk the mill-stone in the flood: Thus terribly shall Babel fall, Thus terribly shall Babel fall, shall

For.

Full.

Ba - bel fall, And never, never, never more be found at all, And never more be found at all

And never &c.

CHORUS. Spirito.

For Fin. For.

Haste happy day, Haste happy day, Haste happy day, that time I long to see When ev'ry son of Adam shall be free

CHORUS. Continued.

Pia. *For*

The pleasing, &c

Then shall the happy world sound praises The pleasing wonders, The pleasing wonders of the Saviour's name.

The pleasing &c

MISSIONARY. C. M.

Ten thousand, &c. Ten thousand, &c

Ten thousand, &c.

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. Harrison.

Pia. *For.*

Air.

Jesus our great high priest, Offer'd his blood and dy'd; My guilty conscience seeks No sacri - fice beside.

His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne, His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne.

PARADISE. L. M.

Air. Now to the shining realms above, I stretch my hands and glad my eyes O for the pinions of the dove, To bear me to the upper skies.

There from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll Fain would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul

HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING.

Humbert.

Hail to the day spring Dawning from afar, Hail, Hail, Hail, Hail to the day spring dawning from a - far;

Soft.

Bright in the east I see, I see his natal star, Prisoners of

hope lift up your eyes. Behold, Behold the King of glory from the skies, Lo Angel

choirs his peaceful advent greet, And Gentile sages, And Gentile sages, And Gentile sages worship at his feet.

DUETT.

Fair as that Heav'nly plant whose scions shoots with healing verdure, with healing verdure and im - mor - tal fruits.

HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.

The tree of life the tree of life Beside the stream that flows, that rises the roots of Paradise with glittering waves, He

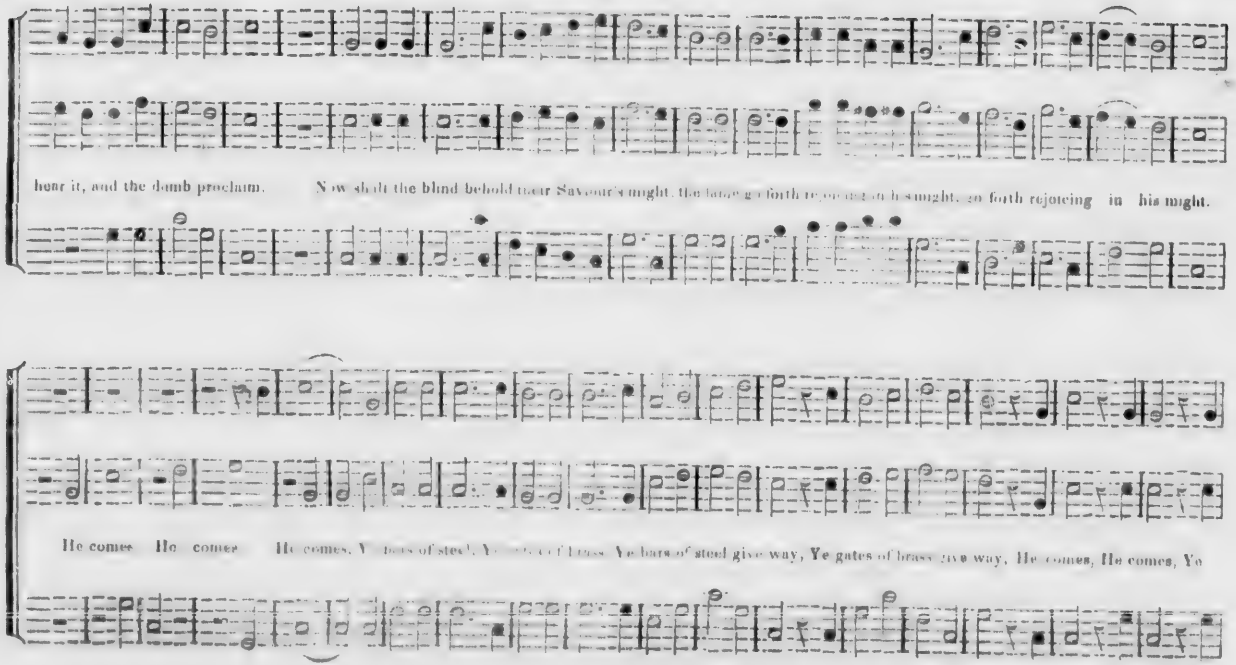
comes. He comes to preach good tidings, good tidings, good tidings, good tidings, good tidings to the poor, and heal the wounds that

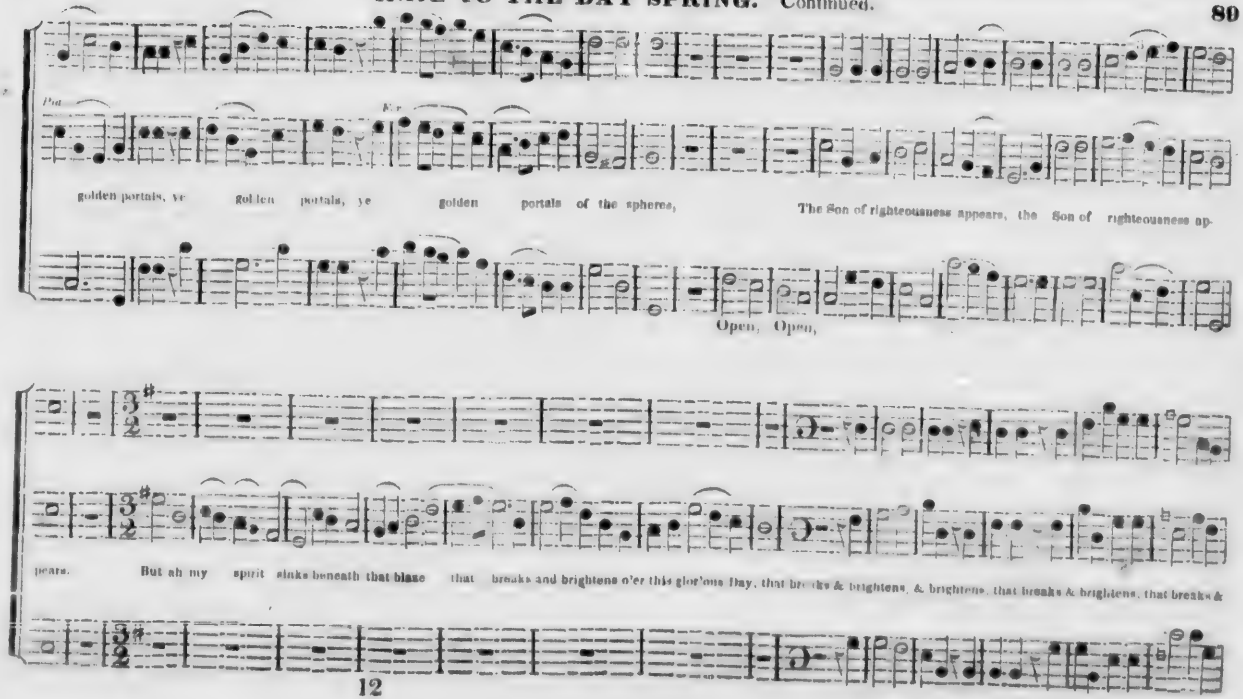
nature cannot cure; Son of the Highest who can tell thy fame, who can tell thy fame, The deaf shall hear it, the deaf shall

The deaf shall hear it,

hear it, shall hear it, and the dumb proclaim, Son of the Highest who can tell thy fame, can tell thy fame, The deaf shall hear it, The deaf shall hear it, The deaf shall

HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.




Pia
Ke
golden portals, ye golden portals, ye golden portals of the spheres, The Son of righteousness appears, the Son of righteousness ap-
Open, Open,
pears. But ah my spirit sinks beneath that blaze that breaks and brightens o'er this glor'ous Day, that breaks & brightens, & brightens, that breaks & brightens, that breaks &

HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.

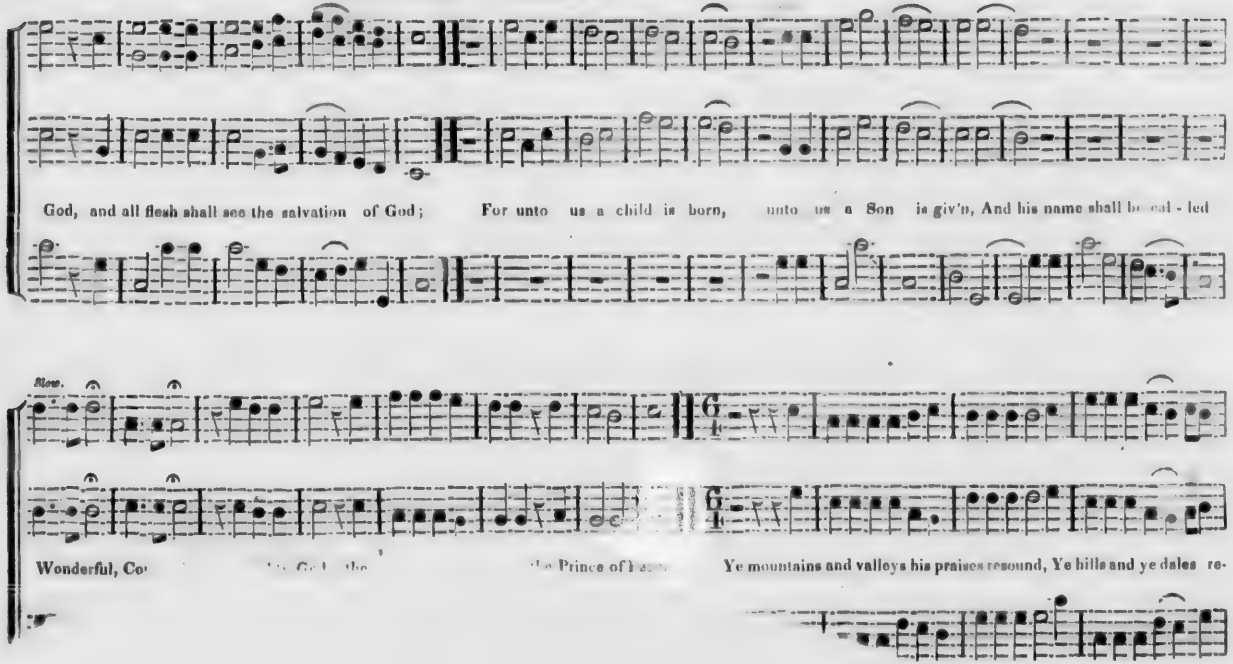
brightens o'er those glorious days, shall reign, he shall reign, shall reign, shall reign, shall reign, shall reign with undi - vided power to earth's re-

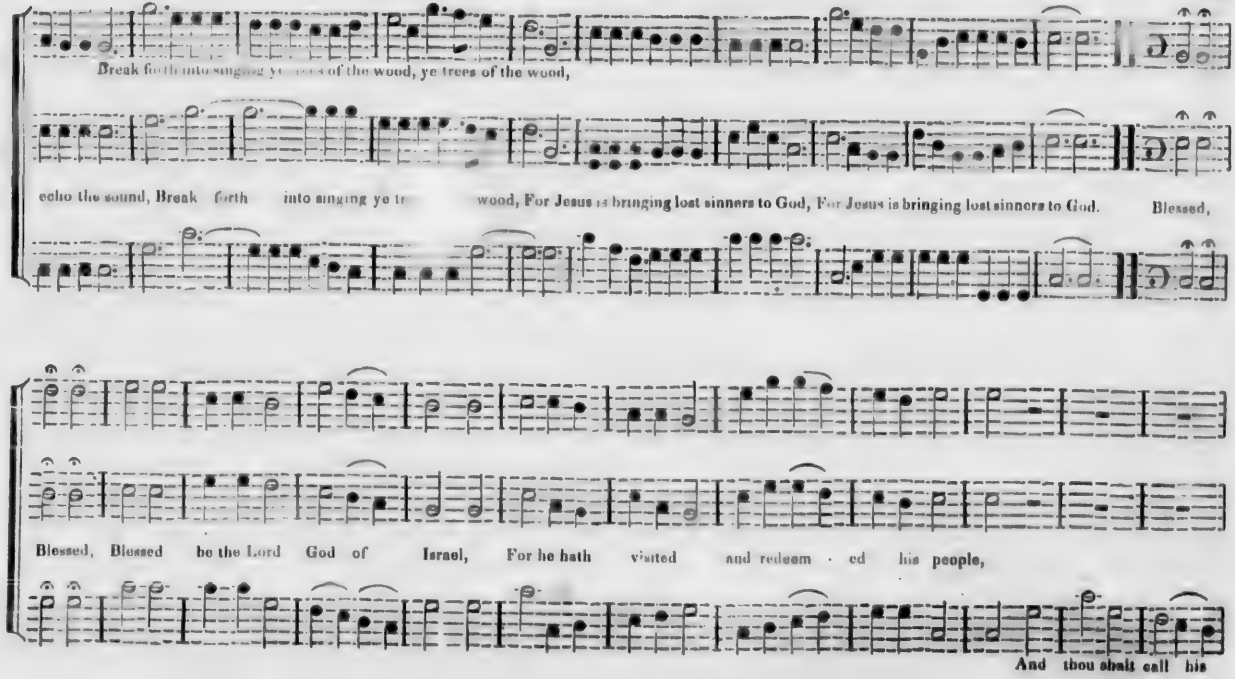
For he shall reign,

motest bounds, to nature's final hour, to earth's remotest bounds, to nature's fi - - - nal hour.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness that cries in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Prepare ye the way of the Lord,

Ev'ry valley shall be ex alt - ed, and ev'ry moun - - - - - tain and hill shall be made low, And all flesh shall see the sal - vation of


God, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God; For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is giv'n, And his name shall be cal - led
Slow.
Wonderful, Co
the Prince of
Ye mountains and valleys his praises resound, Ye hills and ye dales re-


Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood, ye trees of the wood,
echo the sound, Break forth into singing ye tr wood, For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God, For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God. Blessed,
Blessed, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, For he hath visited and redeem · ed his people,
And thou shalt call his

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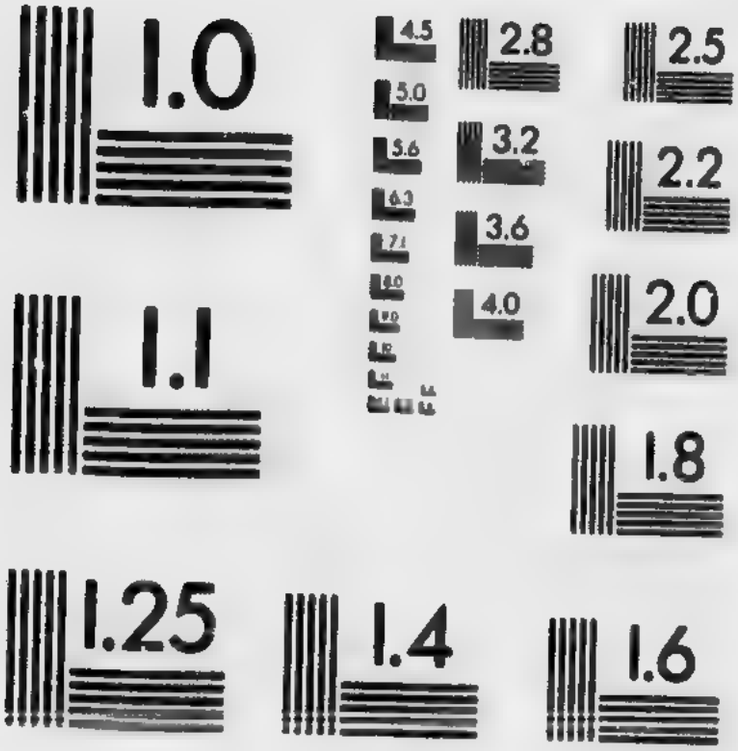
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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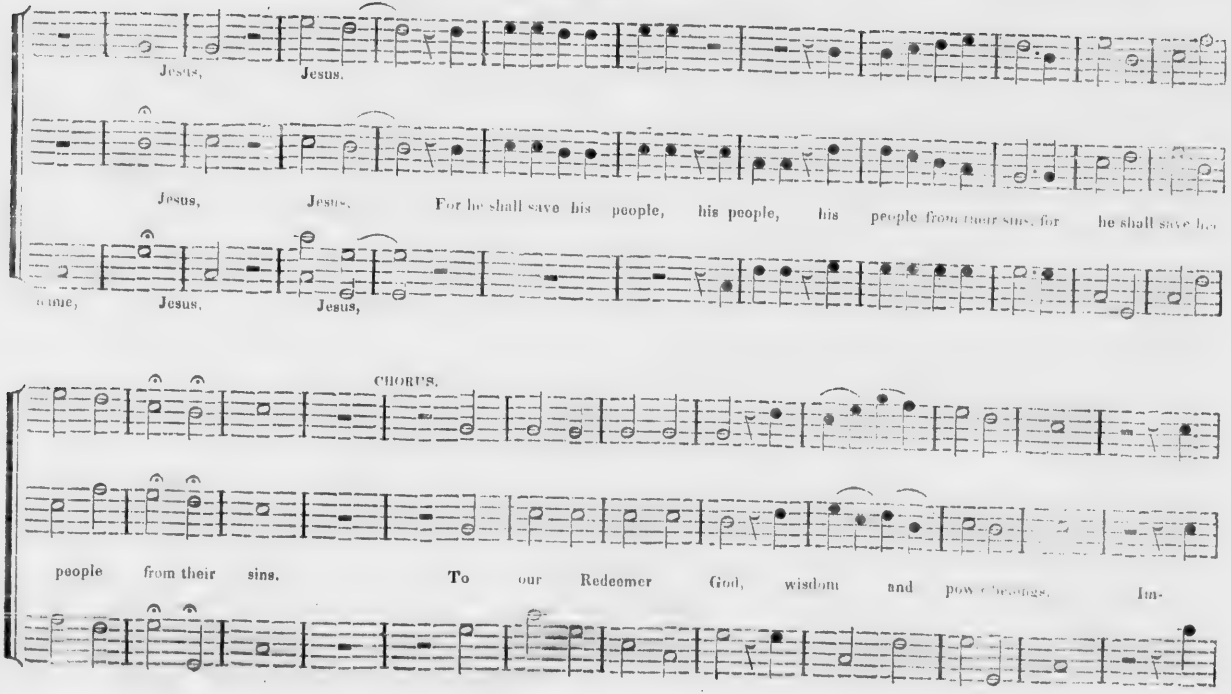
WATERLOO. Continued.



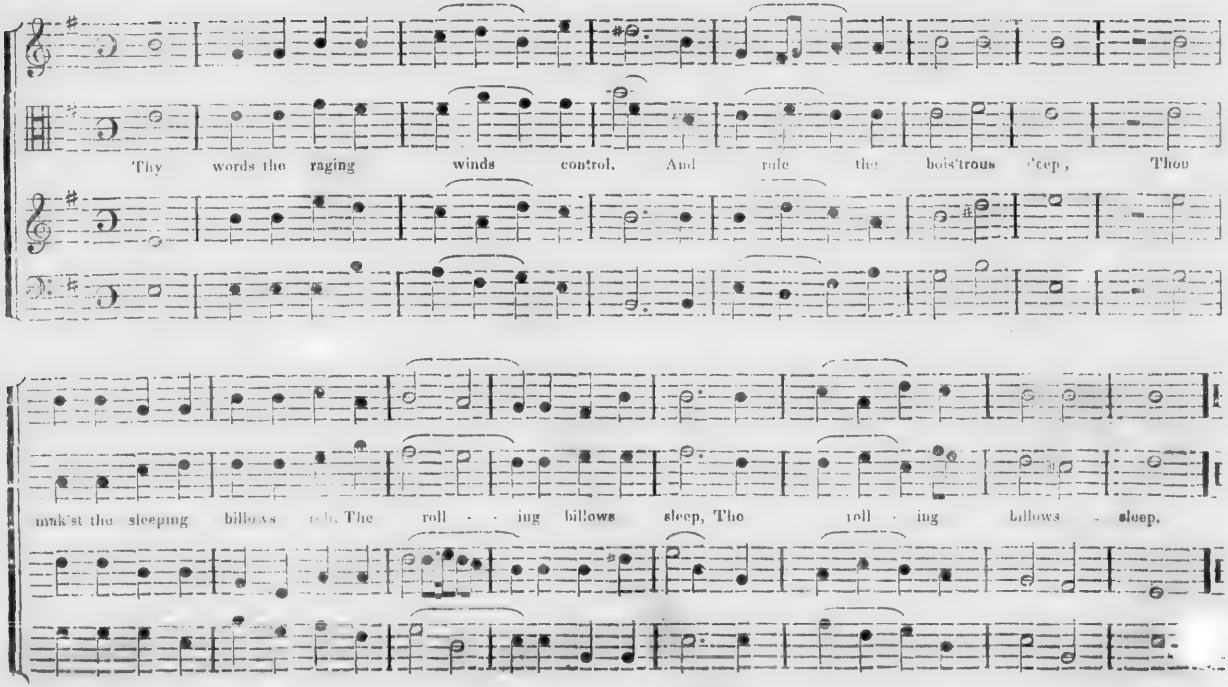
WATERLOO. Continued.

mortal crowns of Majesty and everlasting songs, Immortal crowns of majesty and ev - e lasting songs

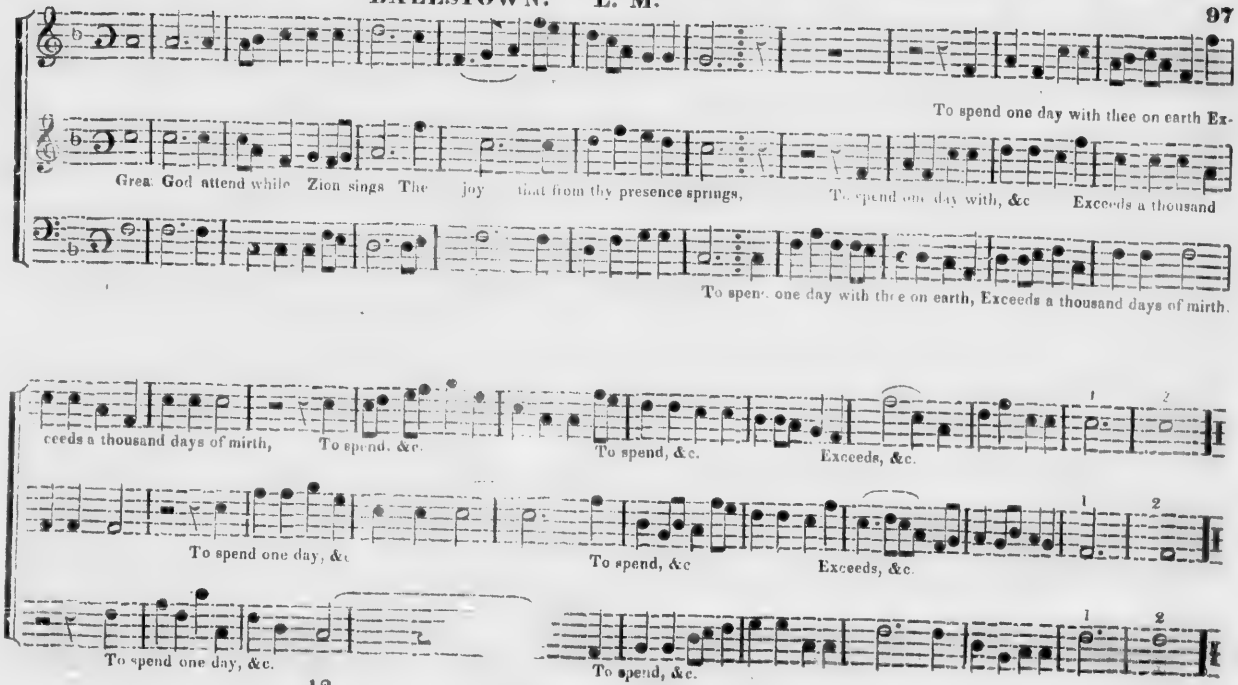
COOKHAM. P. M. 7's. 4 lines.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

Brownson.



BALLSTOWN. L. M.



RELIGION. S. M.

The

Ah when shall I a - wake from sin's soft soothing pow'r, The slumber from my spirit

The slumber, &c. The slumber, &c.

And rise, &c. And rise, &c. And rise, &c.

shake, And rise to fall no more, And rise, &c. And rise, &c.

spir - - it, &c. And rise to fall no - more, no more, And rise, &c. And, &c.

The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's

care, My noon day walks he shall at - - tend, And all my mid - night

PASTORAL. Continued.

hours de - fend. My noon day walks he shall at - tend, And all my

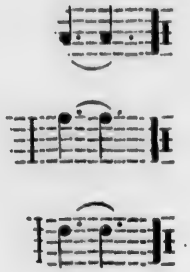
He shall at - - tend, and all my mid-

night hours de - fend. And all, &c.

mid- And all, &c

night hours de - - fend. And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

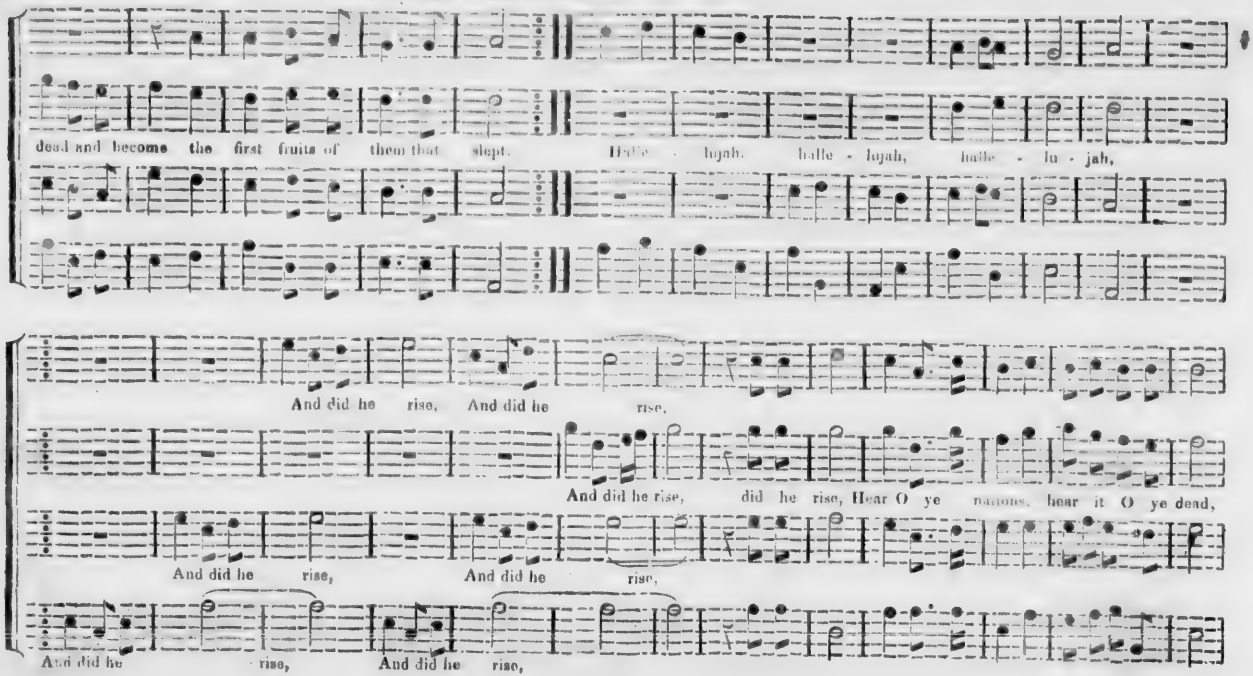
2d. TH
1st. THEM
Yes



y,
voll!

The Lord is ris'n in - deed, hal - le - lujah, The Lord is ris'n in-

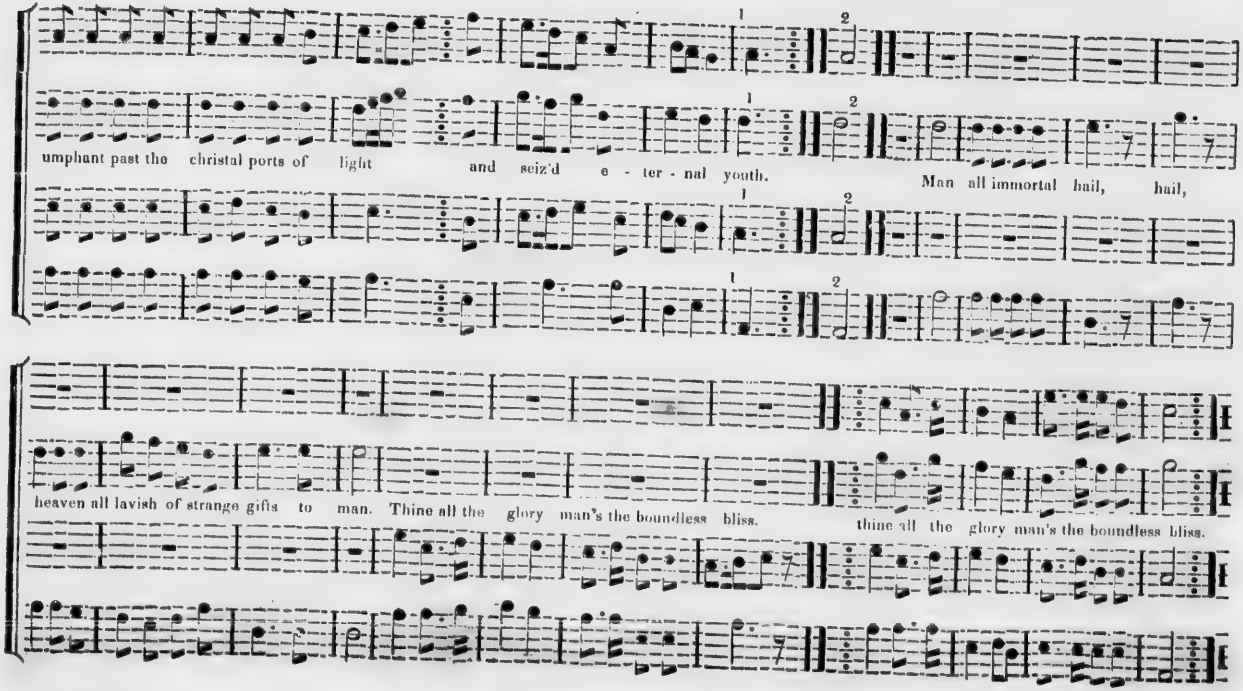
deed, hallo - lu - jah. Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the


dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. Halle - lujah. halle - lujah, halle - lu - jah,
And did he rise, And did he rise,
And did he rise, did he rise, Hear O ye nations, hear it O ye dead,
And did he rise, And did he rise,
And did he rise, And did he rise,

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, he burst the bars of death. He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death and triumph'd o'er the grave,

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu - man - i - ty tri-

ANTHEM. Continued.



BRUNSWICK. C. M.

Ye Is - lands of the North - ern sea, Re - joice, the Sa - - viour reigns;

His

And mountains melt to plains. His word like fire prepares the way - - And mountains melt to plains.

His word like fire, &c.

word like fire prepares the way,

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M. Ingalls.

The new Jerusalem, &c.

From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.

The new Jerusalem, &c. The

The new Jerusa - lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - dorn'd with shining grace.

new Jerusalem, &c.

If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung, &c.

If angels sung a Saviour's Saviour's birth, On that auspicious morn.

If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung, We

If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung a We well may imi-

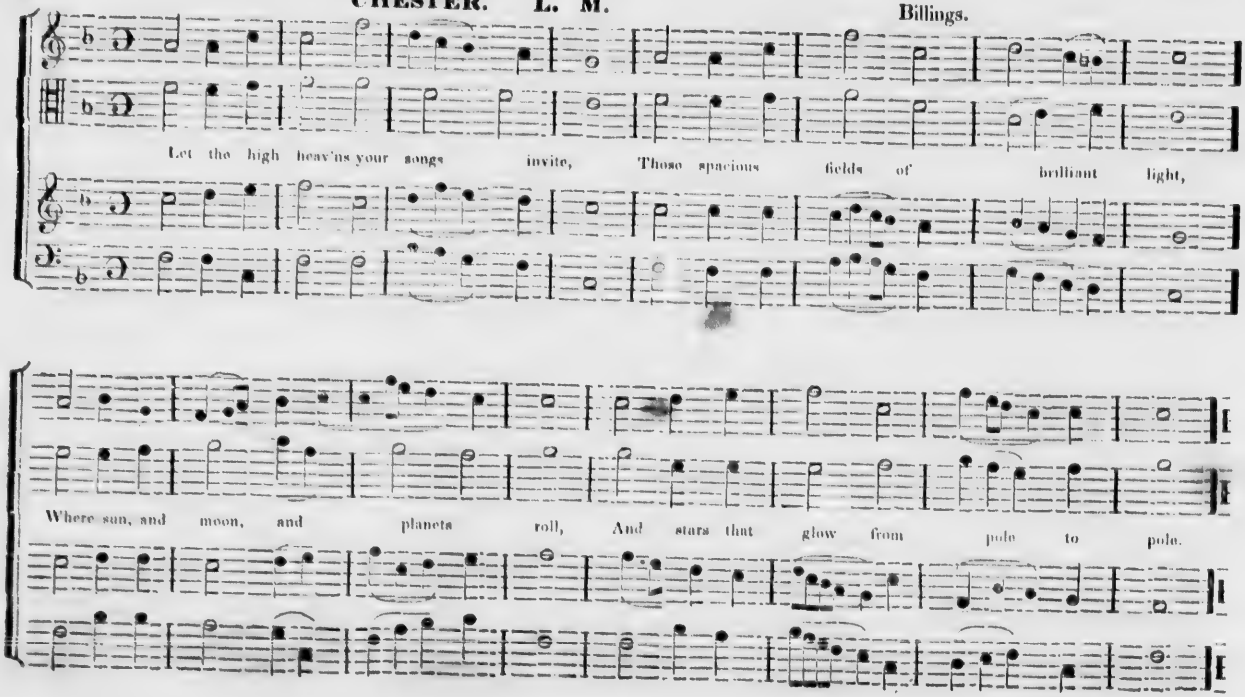
We well may imitate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he again is born,

We well may imi - tate their mirth. Now he again is born, Now he again is born, Now he again is born.

well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, Now he again is born,

CHESTER. L. M.

Billings.



CORINTH. L. M.

Blanchard.

Pia.

Jesus shall reign where e'r the sun, Does his successive journies run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

LYNNFIELD. L. M.

Holden.

Moderato

My God permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee, Amid a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

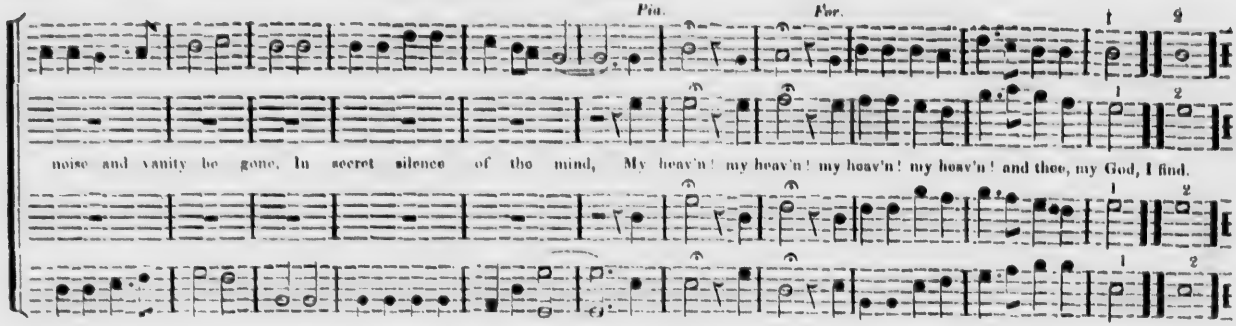
Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heav'nly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And

let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from flesh and sense, One sov'reign word can call me thence,

Pia.

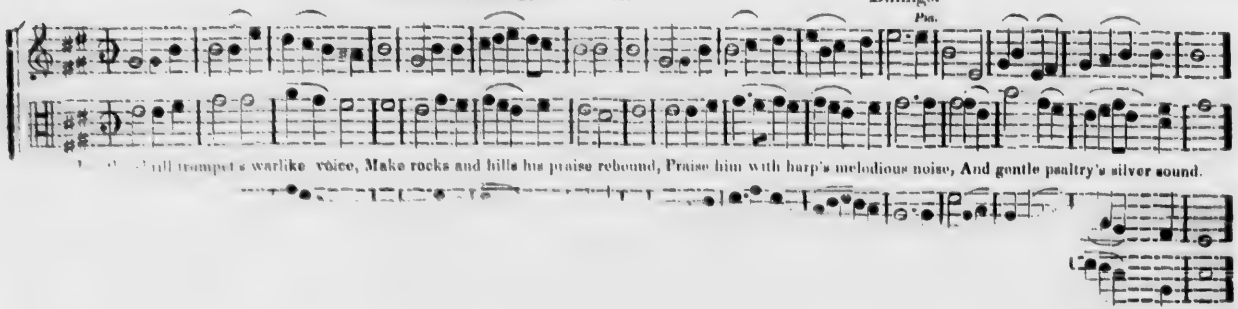
I would obey the voice divine, And all inferior joys resign. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let

LYNNFIELD. Continued.



MANCHESTER. L. M.

Billings.



MANCHESTER. Continued.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motion dance;

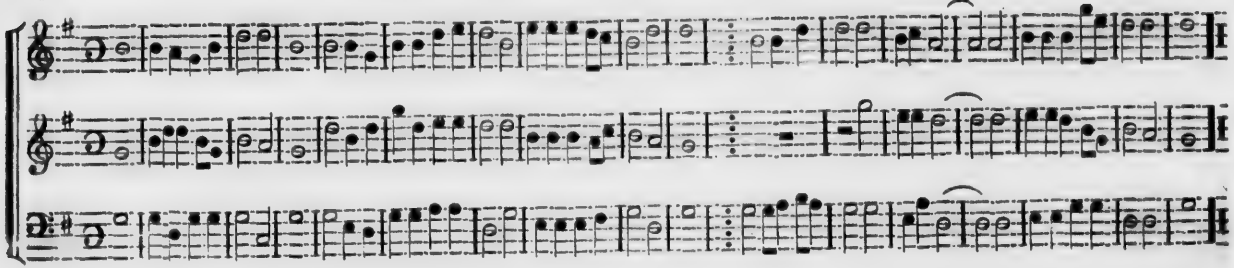
Let instruments of various strings, With organs

join'd his praise advance, With organs join'd his praise advance, With organs join'd his praise advance.

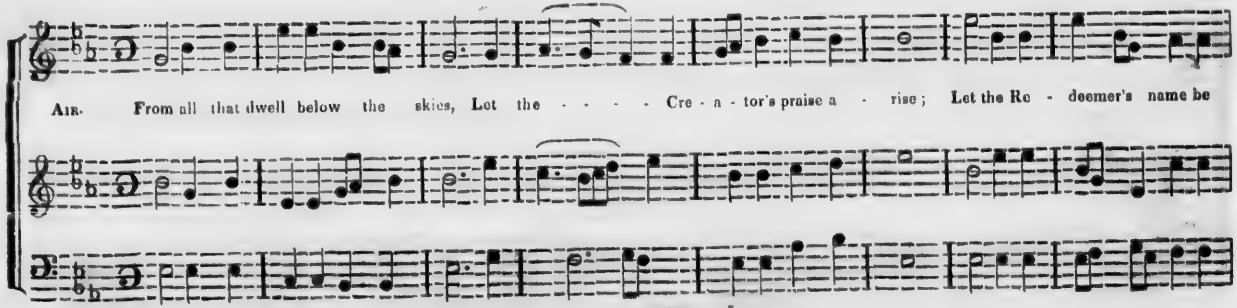
With organs join'd,

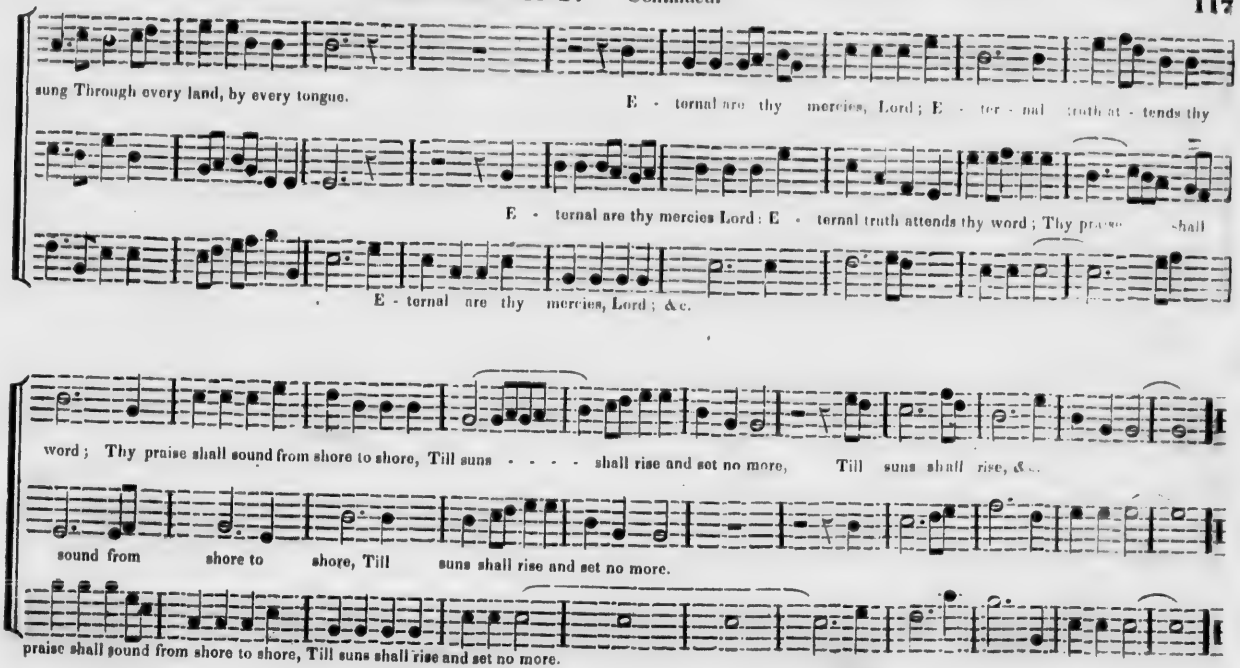
his praise advance, With organs join'd his praise, &c.

ZION. L. M.

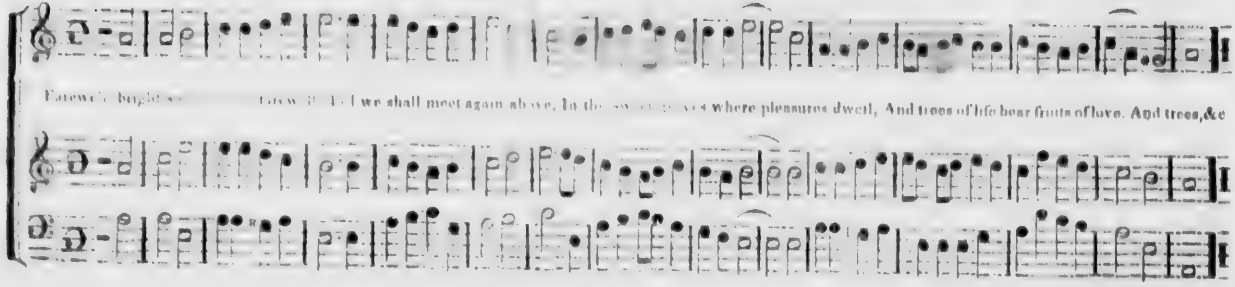


SCHENECTADY. L. M.

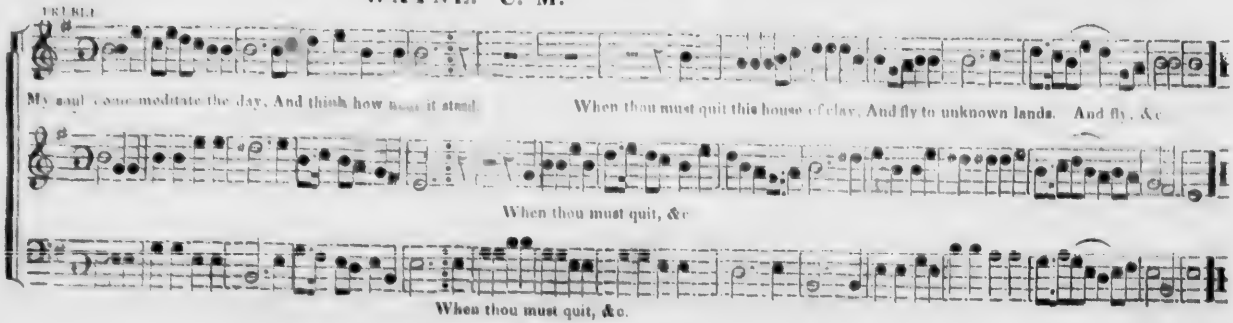



sung Through every land, by every tongue.
E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy
E - ternal are thy mercies Lord: E - ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall
E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord; &c.
word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns - - - - shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise, &c.
sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ACTON. L. M.



WAYNE. C. M.



FAIRFIELD. C. M.

With rev rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord, His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word. His h[illegible]mmand, &c

SPRING. C. M.

KNARESBOROUGH. C. M.

Leach.

Hark how the feather'd warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice, Soft music hails the lovely

Soft

spring,

music—

Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields re - joice

spring, - - - - And woods and fields rejoice.

music hails the lovely - - spring,

NAZARETH. C. M.

See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands, With all-en - gaging charms; Hark, how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms

KIRKE. L. M.

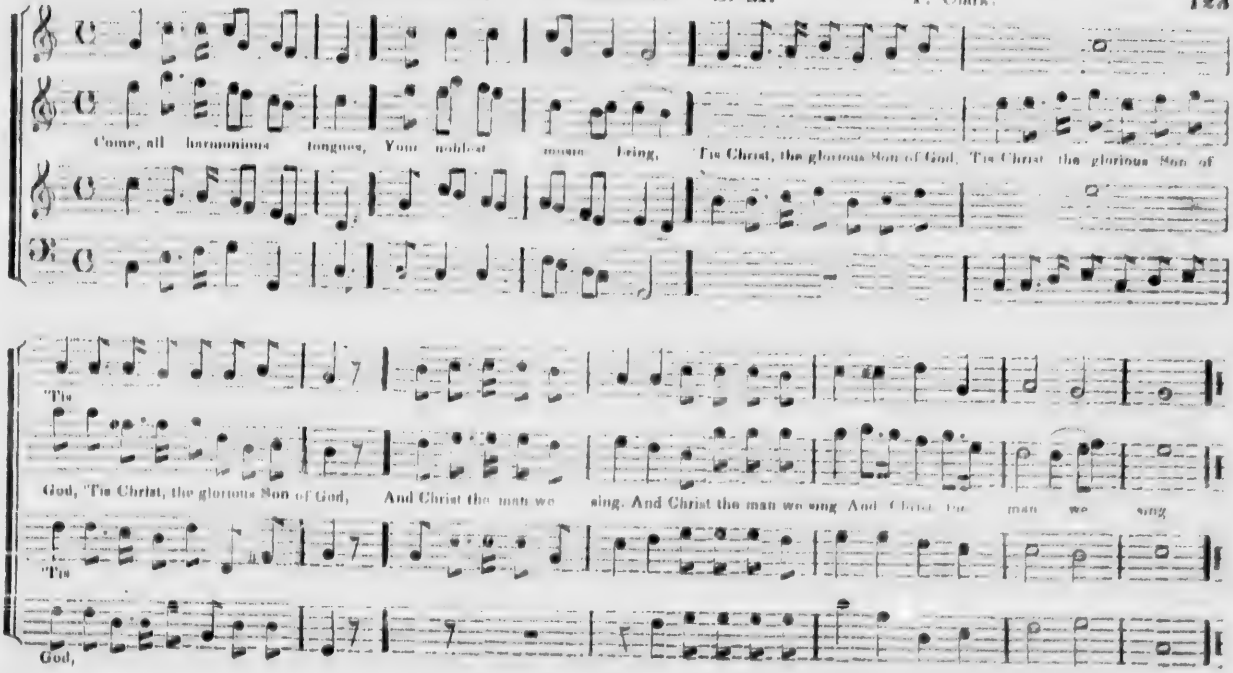
O Lord my God, in mercy turn, In mercy hear a sinner mourn: To thee I call, to thee I cry. O leave me, leave me not to die.

TISBURY. C. M.

Husband.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im mortal reign; In fi nite day excludes the night, In-

finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. And pleasures banish pain. And pleasures, And pleasures banish pain.


Come, all harmonious tongues, Your noblest music bring, 'Tis Christ, the glorious Son of God, 'Tis Christ the glorious Son of
'Tis
God, 'Tis Christ, the glorious Son of God, And Christ the man we sing. And Christ the man we sing And Christ the man we sing
'Tis
God,

ROMNEY. H. M. M. Haydn.

Andantino é sempre piano.

The sparrow for her young With pleasure seeks a nest, And wand'ring swallows long To find their wonted rest.

My spirit faints, With equal zeal, To rise and dwell, To rise and dwell, A - mong the saints.

My spirit, spirit, With equal, equal,

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

Pleyel.

While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be fill'd.

Pia. *For.*

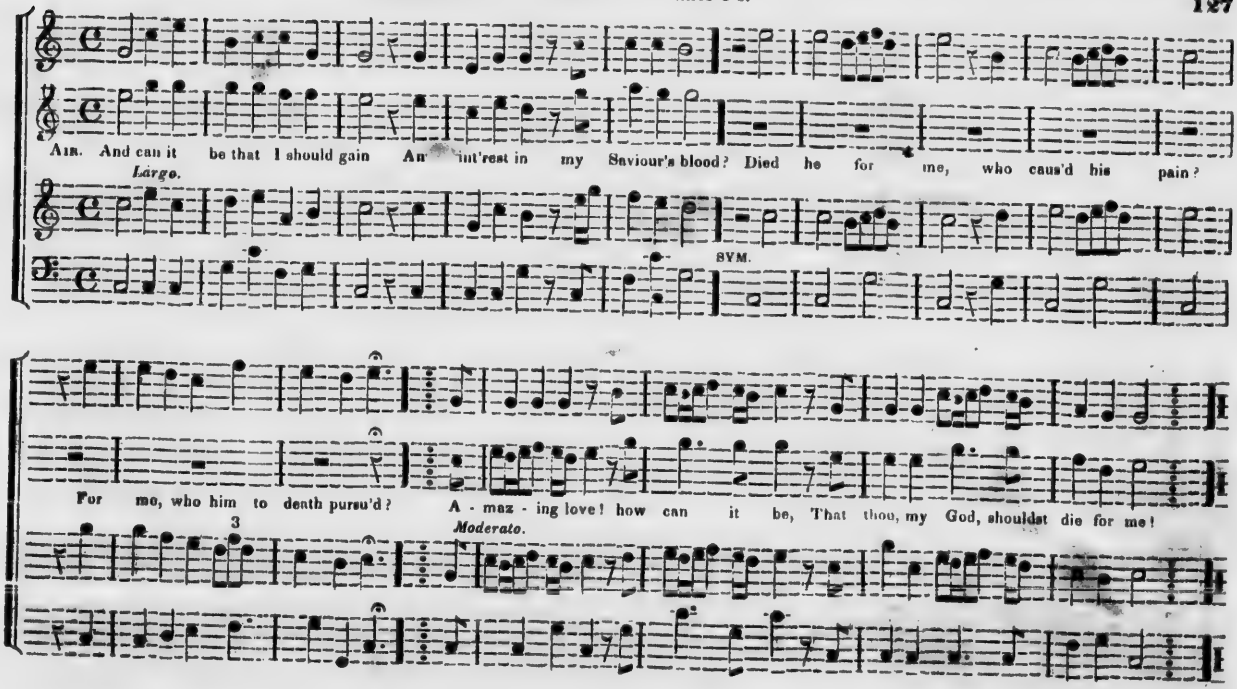
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.

ZEBULON. 6 lines 8's

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shep - herd's care. His presence shall my wants supply,

And guard me with a watchful eye, My noon day walks he shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de - fend. And all my midnight hours defend.

Pia. *For.* *Pia.* *For.*


AIR. And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in my Saviour's blood? Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?
Largo.
SYM.
For me, who him to death pursu'd? A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
3
Moderato.

AIR. Saviour of all what hast thou done? What hast thou suffer'd on the tree? Why didst thou groan thy mor - tal

groan, O - - - - bedient unto death for me? The myst'ry of thy passion show, The end of all thy griefs below.

For. *Pia.* *For.*

SARAH. S. M.

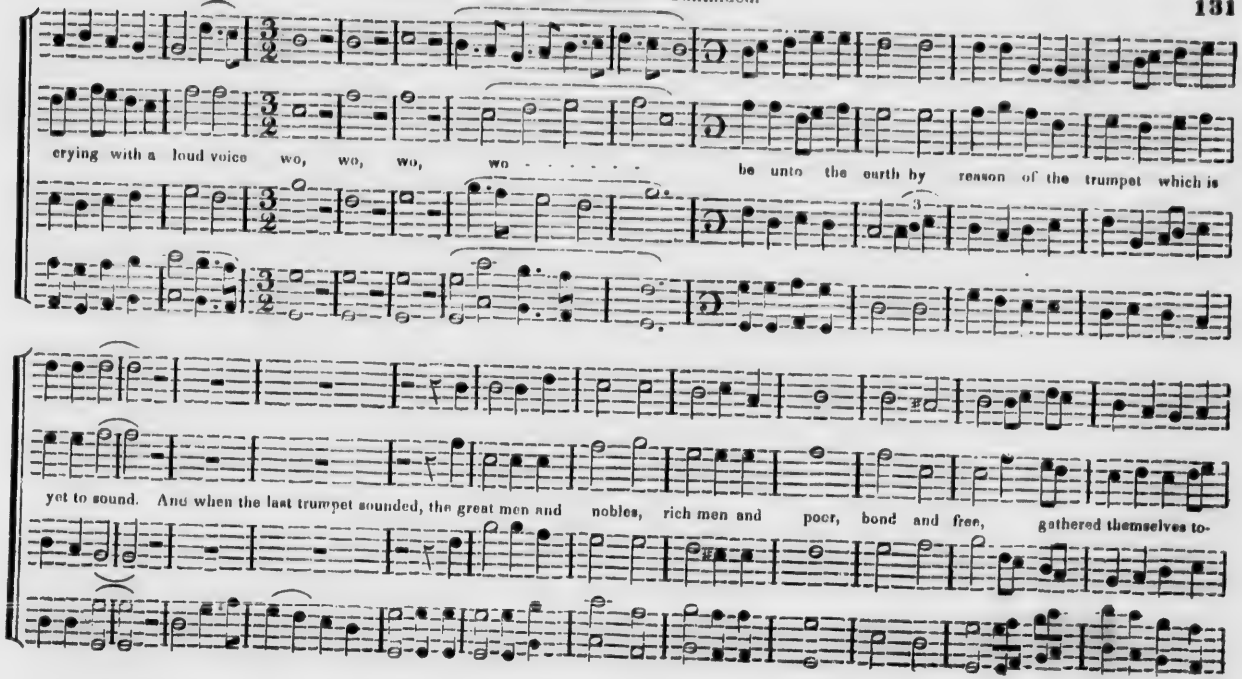
And am I born to die, To lay this body down; And must my trembling spirit fly, In - to - - a world unknown?

HEAVENLY VISION.

I beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands and ten times thousands, Stood before the Lamb, & they had palms in their

hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was and is and

is to come, Which was, &c. And I heard a mighty angel fly - - - - - - - - ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

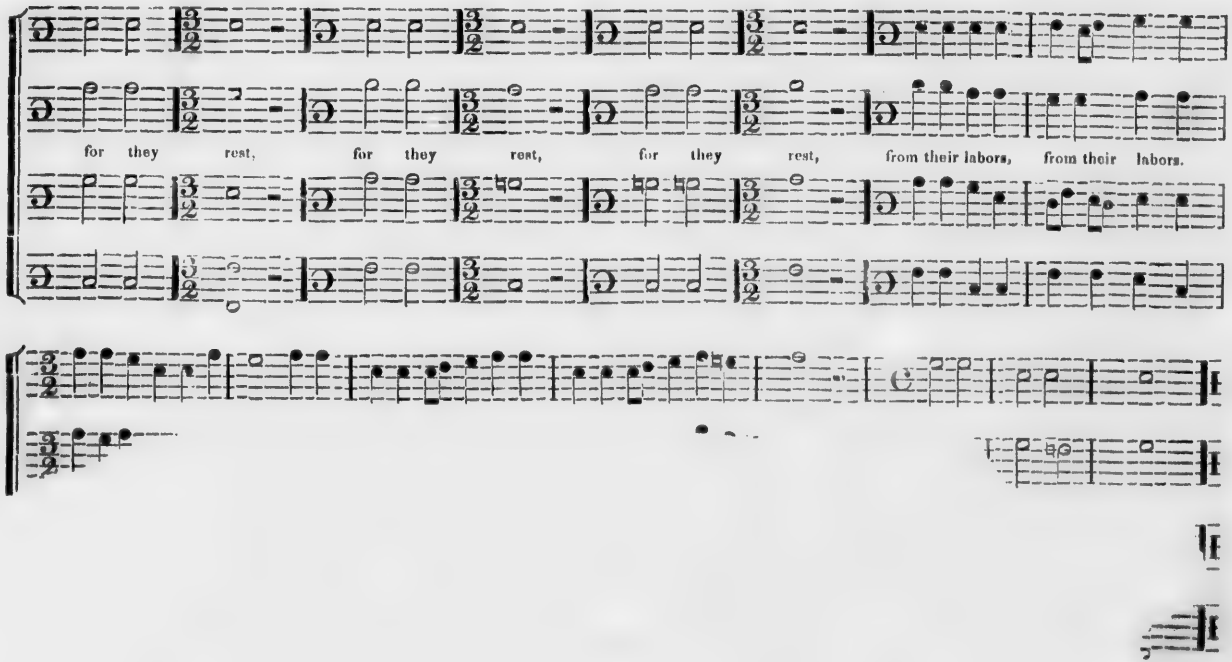

crying with a loud voice wo, wo, wo, wo - - - - - - be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves to-

gether and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne.

For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand. And who shall be a - ble to stand.

I heard a great voice from heav'n saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth,

1 2

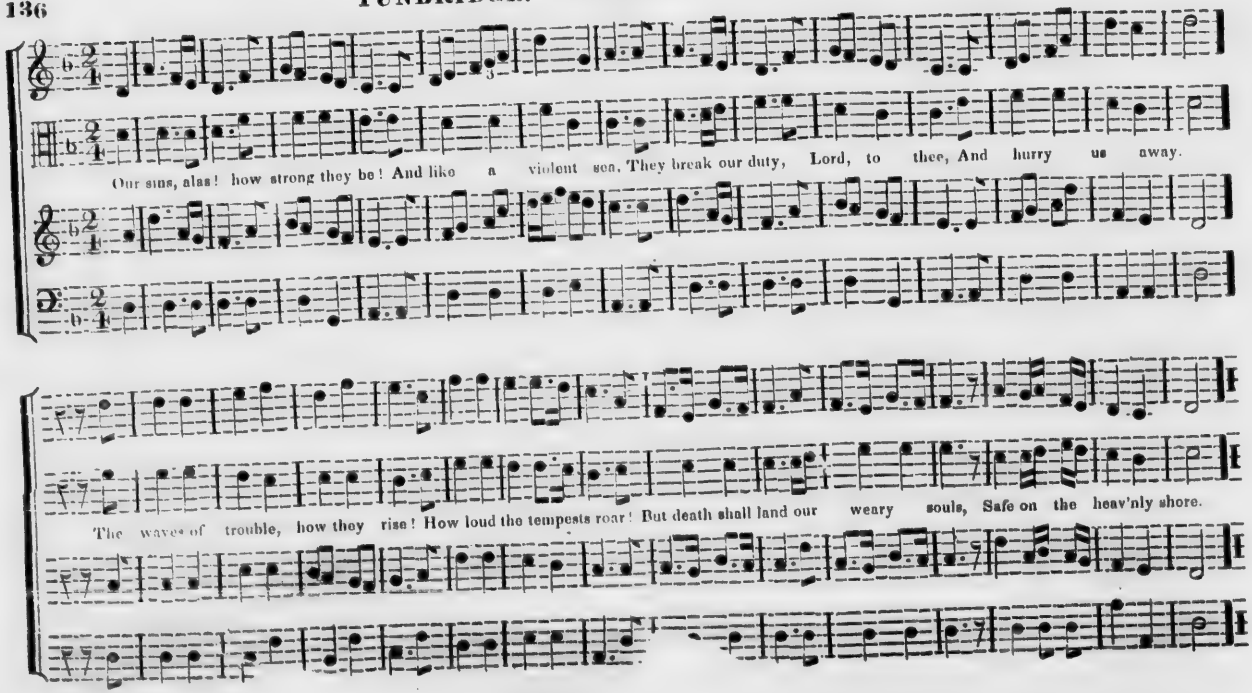

for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, from their labors, from their labors.

EXHORTATION. L. M.

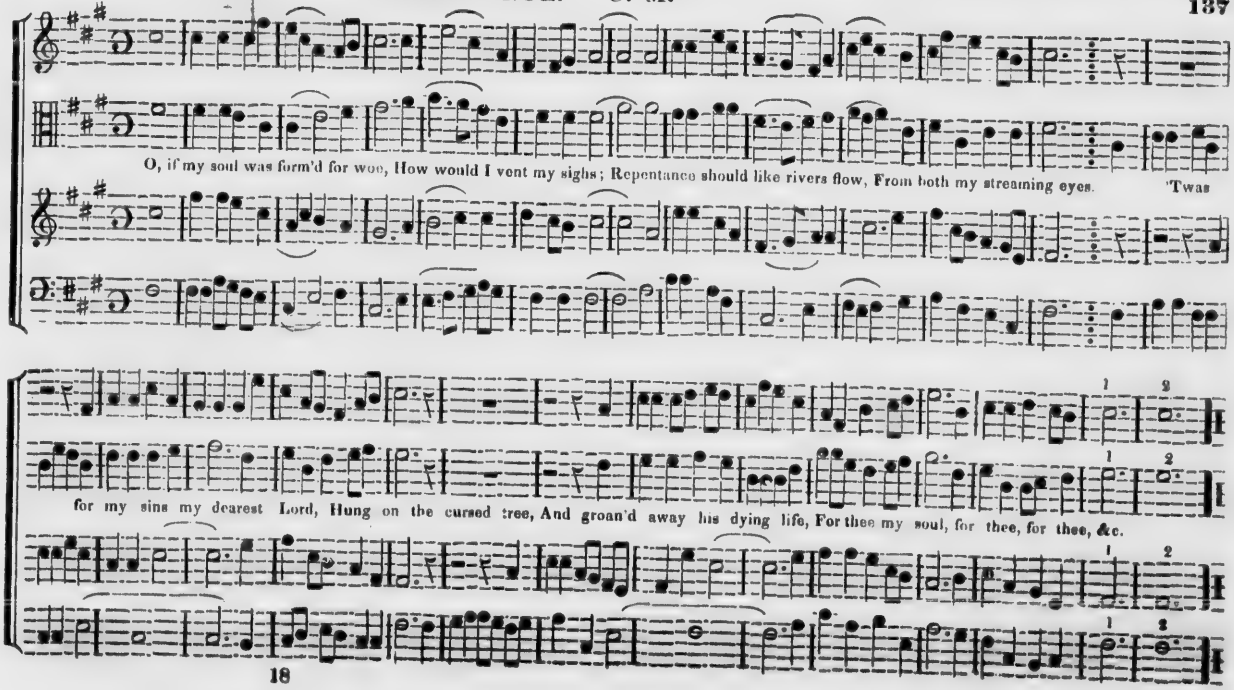
Now in the heat of youthful blood, Re - member your Cre - a - tor God; Behold the months come hast'ning on, When

you shall say my joys are gone. When you shall say my joys are gone. - - - - - When you, &c.

TUNBRIDGE. C. M.



REPENTANCE. C. M.



See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! Hear him crying! See his burthen'd bosom heave!

Look ye sinners, ye that hang him: Look, how deep your sins have stung him, Dying sinners look and live.

CHINA. C. M.

Why should we mourn departed friends, Or shake at death's alarms, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call us to his arms.

LENOX. P. M.

Ye tribes of Adam join With heaven and earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise; Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song. In, &c.

OCEAN. C. M.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way.

At thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.

LEYDEN. L. M.

Costellow.

Sal - vation is for - ev - er nigh The souls that fear and love the Lord; And grace, de - scend - ding

F.

from on high, Fresh hopes of glo - ry shall af - ford— Fresh hopes of glo - ry shall af - ford.

F

Tasto.

WILTSHIRE. L. M.

Tenor or Second Treble—ad lib. Tenor.

1. O God of grace and righteousness, Hear thou my voice, when I complain; Thou hast enlarg'd me in dis - tress, Bow down thy gracious ear again.

2. What though the thoughtless many say, "Who will bestow some earthly good?" We, for thy light and love will pray; Our soul desire this heav'nly food.

St. PETER's. L. M.

Harwood.

To God the great, the ever blest, Let songs of hon - our be address; His mercy firm forever stands, Give him the thanks his love demands.

SANDWICH. L. M.

2d Treble.

Salvation is for - ev - er nigh, The souls that fear and trust the Lord; And grace, descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

BATH. L. M.

2d Treble.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

CUMBERLAND. L. M.

Carey.

2d Treble.

My soul, inspir'd with sacred love, God's holy name for - ev - er bless; Of all his favours mindful prove, And still thy grateful hand confess.

Tasto.

UPTON. L. M.

Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home my thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and worship so divine.

BREWER. L. M.

2d Treble.

O God, how endless is thy love, Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new; And morning mercies from above, Gently dis - til like early dew.

BRENTFORD.* L. M.

2d Treble.

Buried in shadows of the night, We lie till God restores the light; Wisdom descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

* The last line of this tune may be much improved by omitting the notes of the measure marked thus (†) and substituting for them those at the end of the staff.

CARLTON. L. M.

R. Cook.

2d Treble.

From vocal air and concave skies, Let wafted hal - le - lu - jahs sound; And let the sacred triumphs rise, Till vaulted heav'n the notes rebound.

WAKEFIELD. L. M.

2d Treble.

Come, weary souls with sin distrest, Come and accept the promis'd rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

CASTLE STREET. L. M.

2d Treble.

Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust; Save me from sorrow,

Tasto.

guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just— Thou ev - er gracious, ev - er just.

TIMSBURY. L. M.

I. Smith.

2d Treble.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and majesty: His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight.

NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM TUNE. L. M.

Tuckey.

2d Treble.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade, His dazzling glory shroud in state, Justice and truth his guards are made, And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

RON. L. M.

2d Treble.

Praise to thy name, e - ter - nal God, For all the grace thou shed'st abroad; For all thine influence from above, To warm our hearts with sacred love.

PROCTOR. L. M.

2d Treble.

Thus saith the high and lofty One, I sit upon my holy throne; My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in mine own eternity—Dwell in mine own eternity.

CLINTON. L. M.

2d Treble.

Sal - vation is for - ever nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord; And grace, descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. Mason.

At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling I cry—Sweet Spirit, come; Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

MARIETTA. L. M.

2d Treble.

Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Creator's grace; Thine ho - ly courts are his abode, Thou earthly palace of our God.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

2d Treble.

Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise; To God the song of triumph raise; Adorn'd with majesty divine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Tallis.

2d Treble.

Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own almighty wings.

ENFIELD. L. M.

2d Treble.

From vocal air and concave skies, Let wafted hal - le - lujahs sound; And let the sacred triumphs rise, Till vaulted heav'n the notes rebound.

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

Isaac Smith.

2d Treble.

For thee, O God, our constant praise In Zion waits, thy chosen seat; Our promis'd altars we will raise, And there our zealous vows complete.

POMFRET. L. M.

Cecil.

2d Treble

My God in whom are all the springs Of boundless love and grace unknown, Hide me beneath thy spreading wings, Till this dark cloud be overblown—Till this dark cloud, &c.

Sym.

DRESDEN. L. M. [Major Mode.]

Soli, or Tutti—ad lib.

D. C.

2d Treble.

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For succour to thy throne I flee, But have no merit there to plead, My goodness cannot reach to thee.

D. C.

D. C.

DRESDEN. L. M. [Minor Mode.]

Soli, or Tutti—ad lib.

D. C.

2d Treble.

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For succour to thy throne I flee, But have no merit there to plead, My goodness cannot reach to thee.

D. C.

CHAPEL STREET. L. M.

Wm. Mather.

2d Treble.

Eternal Source of ev'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips employ; Thy goodness crowns the rolling year, While in thy temple we appear.

WARWICK. C. M.

Stanley.

Last line varied.

2d Treble.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

BLANDFORD. C. M.

T. Jackson.

Last line varied.

2d Treble.

Awake, my soul, arise, my tongue! Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice.

WESTFORD. C. M.

2d Treble.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne, Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

Voice or organ.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. [Major Mode.] Dr. Randall.

2d Treble.

My songs address thy throne—My songs, &c.

P. F.

What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown; My feet shall visit thine abode,

My songs, &c.

My songs address thy throne—

My songs, &c.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. [Minor Mode.]

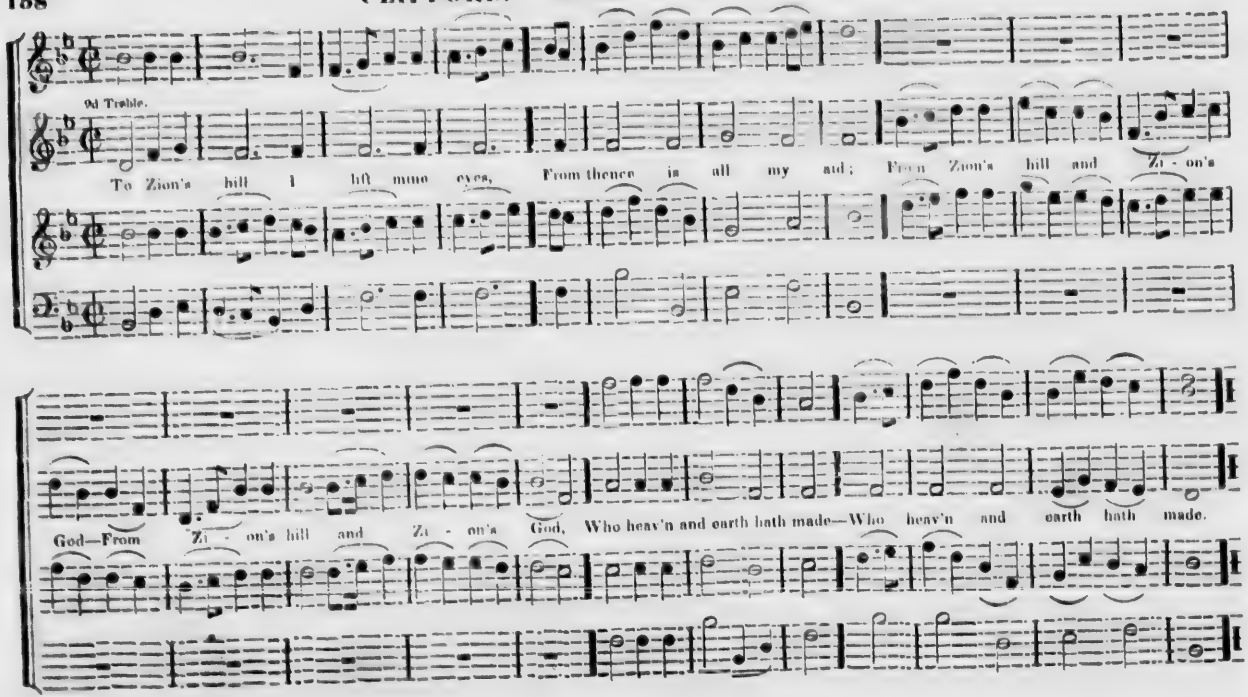
2d Treble.

My songs address thy throne—My songs, &c.

What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.

My songs address thy throne.

CLIFFORD. C. M.


9d Treble.
To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes, From thence is all my aid; From Zion's hill and Zi - on's
God—From Zi - on's hill and Zi - on's God, Who heav'n and earth hath made—Who heav'n and earth hath made.

St. DAVID's. C. M.

Ravenscroft.

2d Treble.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare. To all the list'ning world, will I, Thy wond'rous works declare

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. Mason.

2d Treble.

Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm, In smiling crowds draw near, And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.

WINTER. C. M.

Read.

2d Treble.

Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his statutes still, Oh! that my God would grant me grace, To know and do his will

CLARENDON. C. M.

Isaac Tucker.

2d Treble.

What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.

DEVIZES. C. M.

2d Treble.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one—But all their joys, &c.

HARTLAND. C. M.

2d Treble.

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, De - vot-ed to thy fear; Re-mem - ber and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

St. JOHN's. C. M.

2d Treble.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless honours paid; Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy remain, For - ev - er on his head.

Sym.

BRAINTREE. C. M.

2d Treble.

In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals: To heav'n your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.

CONWAY. C. M.

2d Treble.

Come let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Father there—And smile to see, &c. Upon a throne of love.

HADLEY. S. M.

2d Treble.

O Lord! accept the praise, Of these our humble songs, Till tunes of nobler sound we raise, With our immortal tongues—With our, &c.

AITHLONE. C. P. M. [German Tune.]

Largo e Piano.

1. O thou, that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee?—

2d Treble.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood

3. Then snatch me from e - ter - nal death, The spirit of a - dop-tion breathe, His con - so - la - tions send

4. The King of terrors then would be A welcome mes - sen - ger to me, To bid me come a - way:

I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done And suffer'd once for me.

Thy righteousness my robe shall be, Thy merit shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.

By him some word of life im - part, And sweetly whisper to my heart, "Thy Maker is thy friend."—

Unclog'd by earth or earthly things I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings To ev - er - last ing day.

FOUNDLING. C. M.

2d Treble.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my friend; The Shepherd by whose constant care, My wants are all supplied

WARSAW. C. M.

3d Treble.

A new and nobler song—

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue; His new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler song—A new and nobler song

BEDFORD. C. M. [No. 1.]

Wheall.

2d Treble.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine; I fear before thee all the day, Nor will I dare to sin.

BEDFORD. C. M. [No. 2.]

2d Treble.

Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise; Sing psalms in honour of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

BOLTON. C. M.

2d Treble.

Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; For he is good, supremely good, And kind are all his ways—And kind are all his ways.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

2d Treble.

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints away— My thirsty spirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace.

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St. MATTHEW's. C. M. [Two Stanzas.] Dr. Crotch.

2d Treble.

"Let heav'n a - rise, let earth appear!" Thus said th'Almigh - ty Lord, The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd, At his cre - a - ting word.

Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep: God said, "Let there be light!" The light shone round with smiling ray, And scatter'd ancient night.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.

2d Treble

Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.

*LUTZEN. C. M.

Martin Luther.

Third line as found in the old German copies.

2d Treble.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue, His new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler song.

* The melody of this tune (with the exception of the third line) has here been restored to its original form. It is found among the old German Chorals, and was without doubt composed by Luther

YORK. C. M. [No. 1.]

John Milton, father of the Poet.

2d Treble.

Thee we adore, E - ternal Name, And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

*YORK. C. M. [No. 2.]

Tenor.

2d Treble.

Thee we adore, E - ternal Name, And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

Treble.

Base.

* In this copy the principal melody is given to the Tenor.

2d Treble.

Thou art my portion, O my God, Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste to obey thy word, And suffers no delay.

I choose the path of heav'nly truth, And glo - ry in my choice: Not all the riches of the earth, Could make me so re - joice.

Leach.

MELODY. C. M.

2d Treble.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

SICILIAN HYMN. 7's, or 8's & 7's.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace, Let us all thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.

2d Treble.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For the gospel's joyful sound; May the fruit of thy salvation In our hearts and lives be found.

3. Jesus, thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art: Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

2d Treble.

Mighty God, E - ter - nal Father, Now we glo - ri - fy thy name: Lord of all cre - at - ed nature,

Thou art ev'ry creature's theme— Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men!

HELMSLEY. 8's, 7's & 4.

Dr. Madan.

2d Treble.

Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain;

Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train.— Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus now shall ever reign

ALCESTER. Sevens.

2d Treble.

Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light is come, Lord, may we be thine to-day, Drive the shades of sin away.

BETHLEHEM. C. M.

Dr. Madan.

2d Treble.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground— All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around— And glory shone around.

St. MARTIN's. C. M.

Tansur.

8ym.

2d Treble.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou, How glorious is thy name!

JORDAN. C. M.

Harwood.

2d Treble.

Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; News from the regions of the skies! The Saviour's born to-day

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

2d Treble.

Lord, when my raptur'd thought surveys Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul adore.

Bass.

2d Treble.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; E - ternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

* This passage may be sung alternately by Trebles and Tenors.

HINTON. Elevens.

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2d Treble.

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide: What - ev - er we want, he will kindly provide:

To sheep of his pasture his mer - cies abound; His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will surround.

AMSTERDAM. 7's & 6's. Dr. Nares.

Sym. D. C.

2d Treble. D. C.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace. Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise from transitory things, Tow'rds heav'n thy native place.

D. C.

Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd above

D. C.

* By omitting these two measures, and substituting for them those printed at the end of the staff, the poetical accent will be better accommodated

PILTON. Sevens. Weldon.

2d Treble.

Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days. Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

180

NEW YORK. C. M.

Dr. Blow.

2d Treble.

Blest morning, whose first op'ning rays Behold our rising God; That saw him triumph o'er the dust, And leave his last abode

WALSALL. C. M.

Purcell.

2d Treble.

Rebuke me not, O Lord, for-give; In mercy O reprove; And in thy mer-cy grant re-lief, Nor cast me from thy love.

BURFORD. C. M.

Purcell.

2d Treble.

Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood ran down, In ag - o - ny he prav'd.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

Smith.

2d Treble.

Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

LEBANON. C. M.

Billings.

2d Treble.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first · His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust!

BANGOR. C. M.

Ravenscroft.

2d Treble.

Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound, My ears at · tend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

SUTTON. S. M.

2d Treble.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light con vey.

PECKHAM. S. M.

Isaac Smith.

2d Treble.

How plea's'd was I to hear The friends of Zi - on say, "Now to her courts let us re - pair, And keep the solemn day.

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SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.

Last line varied.

2d Treble.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

LINSTEAD. S. M.

Last line varied.

2d Treble.

Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord, I love to plead his promises, And rest upon his word.

St. THOMAS. S. M.

A. Williams.

Third line varied.

2d Treble

High as the heav'ns are rais'd, Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of thy grace, Our highest thoughts exceed

Same as before.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

2d Treble.

To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

Dr. Green.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

2d Treble.

From lowest depths of woe, To God I send my cry. Lord, hear my sup - pli-cating voice, And gracious - ly re - ply.

LISBON.* S. M.

2d Treble.

Welcome—sweet day of rest—That saw the Lord arise! Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

* The Melody from a tune called Lisbon, by Read, See page 30.

2d Treble.

I'll praise my Maker with And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my nobler pow'rs.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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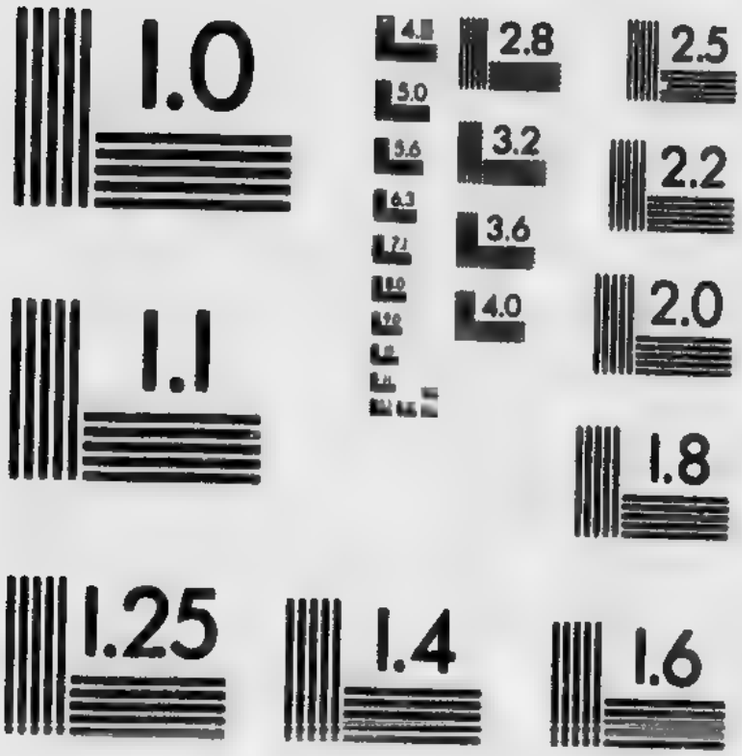

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MURRAY. H. M.

L. Mason.

1. Welcome, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sacred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn,
Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

2d Treble.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, ex - tend,
While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

HAMILTON. 10's & 11's.

Affettuoso.

The day is far spent, the ev'ning is nigh, When we must lay down the body and die.

Great God, we sur - ren-der our dust to thy care; But, oh! for the summons our spirit prepare.

HOBART. C. P. M.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Al - migh - ty's name:

2d Treble.

2 Wake, all ye soaring throngs and sing; Ye feather'd warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise,

3. Let man, by no - bler passions sway'd, The feel - ing heart, the judging head, In heav'nly praise employ;

Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th'in - spir - ing theme.

To him who shap'd your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, And tun'd your voice to praise.

Spread the Cre - a - tor's name a - round, Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound, In gen - 'ral bursts of joy.

HAWLEY. S. P. M.

Radiger.

2d Treble.

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people cry, (*omit.*) "Come, let us seek our God to - day!"

Tasto.

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

SUFFOLK. 8's, 7's & 4.

2d Treble.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain;

Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! God appears on earth to reign.

GRANBY. Sevens.

Sym.

2d Treble.

Sym.

Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me by thy love.

CALVARY. 8's & 7's, or 8's, 7's & 4.

Stanley.

2d Treble.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry: See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der,

Shakes the earth and veils the sky: "It is finish'd!" "It is finish'd!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

TURIN. Sevens. Giardini.

2d Treble.

Son of God, thy blessing grant! Still supply my ev'ry want! Tree of life, thine influence shed,

With thy sap my spirit feed— Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed.

2d Treble.

From Jesse's root, behold a branch a - rise, Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:

The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

LYONS. 10's & 11's.

Haydn.

2d Treble.

Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices u - nit ed, the anthem prolong, And shew forth his praises in mu - sic divine.

St. MICHAEL's. 10's & 11's.

Handel.

2d Treble.

Oh! praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Adagio Affet. Second Treble.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame! Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!

Pianissimo.

2d Treble.

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life! - Hark! they whisper, angels say, they whisper, angels say,

"Vital spark of heav'nly flame." [Continued.]

Cres. For. Pia.

"Sister spirit, come a - way!" "Sister spirit, come away!" What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Mez. F. Pia. Cres. F. Dim. Pia. F. Pia. Andante. Pia.

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death! Tell me, my soul, can this be death! The world recedes, it disappears;

Cres. F. Dim. Cres. F. Allo. Staccato. F.

Heav'n opens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory? O

Pia.

grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, &c. O death, &c. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O

Tasto.

200 "Vital spark of heav'nly flame." [Continued.]

Cres. F. Dim. Pia. For. Pia.

grave, where is thy victory? thy victory? O grave, where is thy victory? thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? O death, O death, where, &c.

For. For. Adagio.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory? thy victory? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

Maestoso.

Be-fore Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy! Know that the Lord is God a - lone,

Andante.

P.

Trio.

He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy—He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy. His sov'reign pow'r, with - out our aid,

P.

P.

P.

The first line of Denmark is harmonized in two ways. If the large notes be sung, the small ones must be omitted, and *vice versa*.

Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again—

Con Spirito.

Tutti. F

He brought us to his fold again. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise,

Tutti. F.

And earth, and earth with her ten thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise—Shall fill thy courts with

Unis. Unis.

sounding praise—Shall fill—Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Wide! wide as the world is thy command,

Unison.

Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to

Unison.

move, shall cease to move—When rolling years shall cease to move—When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

Andante.

1. Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day.

2d Treble.

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name; Show thy reconciling face—Take a - way our sin and shame:

3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear:

4. May the gospel's joyful sound, Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring re - lief from all complaints:

Soli.

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter - nal rest—Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter-nal rest:

Tutti.

From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee—From, &c.

Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last-ing feast—Here, &c.

Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove—Thus, &c.

"How beauteous are their feet." [HYMN.]

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal! 2. How charming is their voice! How

2d Treble.

3 How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound! Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought but never found! 4. How blessed are our eyes, That

5. The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. 6. The Lord makes bare his arm, Thro'

sweet the tidings are! Zion, be - hold thy Saviour—King, He reigns and triumphs here—He reigns—He reigns and triumphs here!

see this heav'nly light! Prophets and kings desir'd it long, But [- - - * - - - -] died—But died without the sight.

all the earth abroad, Let ev'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Saviour and their God—be - hold Their Saviour and their God.

The first two lines of the 2d and 4th stanzas should be sung as a Duet by Treble voices. In the 4th stanza omit the two measures between the brackets, [*] so as to avoid a repetition of the line "But died without the sight;" and let this line be sung slow and soft.

Second Treble.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;

Treble. Moderato.

2. What though the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though ev'ry prospect pleases, And only *man* is vile;

Bass.

3. Shall *we*, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall *we* to men benighted, The lamp of life deny?

4. WAFT, WAFT ye winds, his story; And you, ye waters, *roll*, Till like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

1. From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call *us* to de - liver,—Their land from error's chain.

2 In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his *blindness* Bows down to *wood* and *stone*.

3. SALVATION! O SALVATION! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learnt Messiah's name.

4. Till o'er our ransom'd nature, The Lamb for sinners slain, REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR, Returns in bliss to reign.

"Come, ye disconsolate."

Webbe.

Solo. Treble.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you languish, Come, at the shrine of God, fer - vent - ly kneel,
2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.

Trio—or Semi-Chorus.

1. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
2. Here speaks the Comforter in God's name saying, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."

"Watchman! tell us of the night." [Missionary or Christmas Hymn.] L. Mason.

Andante. Treble Voice. Tenor Voice.

Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends: Trav'ller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn: Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn!

Treble Voice. Tenor Voice.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day,—Promis'd day of Is - ra - el!
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ller! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home: Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

Chorus to 1st and 2d Stanzas. First and Second Treble and Base. Chorus to 3d Stanza.

Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is- rael! Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!
Trav'ller! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

210 **NORWALK.** S. M. Mather.

2d Treble.

Where shall the man be found That fears t'offend his God; That loves the gospel's joyful sound, And trembles at his rod!

ITALIAN HYMN. 6's & 4's. Giardini.

Praise ye Jehovah's name, Praise thro' his courts proclaim, Rise and adore High o'er the heav'ns above, Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his pow'r.

SOUTHAMPTON. 6's & 4's.

Glory to God, on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name; Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing forevermore, Worthy the Lamb.

DEVOTION. 6's.

Once more before we part, Bless the Redeemer's name; Let ev' - ry tongue and heart, Let ev'ry tongue and heart Praise and adore the same.

WESLEY. 5 & 6.

Har. Sac.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy On earth be the same! O, give to us daily

2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion That pardons each foe. Keep us from temp - tation,

Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed. It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

From weakness and sin, And thine be the glory For - ev - er—A - - men! And thine be the glory For - ev . er—A - - men!

Save me from my foes, Shield me, Lord, from harm: Let me safe repose On thy mighty arm. Thou art God alone. Those who seek thy heav'nly face

Thou wilt bless, and they shall own Thy matchless grace; Thou art God alone; Those who seek thy heav'nly face Thou wilt bless, and they shall own Thy matchless grace.

NORWICH. S. M.

Altered from Read.

The swift de - clin-ing day, How fast its moments fly: While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade Gains on the western sky.

DOVER. S. M.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

MILLBURY. S. M.

Let every creature join To praise th'e-ternal God; Ye heav'nly hosts the song be - gin, And sound his name abroad, And sound, &c.

DOOMSDAY. S. M.

Be - hold with awful pomp, The Judge prepares to come; Th'archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom, And wakes, &c.

KINGSTON. C. M.

Fawcett.

Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine Is thy victorious sword; The stoutest rebel must resign, At thy commanding word, At thy commanding word.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Let not despair nor fell revenge Be to my bosom known; O give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.

MILFORD. C. M.

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom, And bid me wait se - rene, Till hopes and joys im - mortal bloom, And brighten all the scene.

LONDON. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

O praise the Lord with one consent, And magni - fy his name; Let all the servants of the Lord His worthy praise proclaim.

ROXBURY. C. M.

Holyoke's Col.

How happy are the souls a - bove, From sin and sor - row free; With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glory see.

WINDSOR. C. M.

Kirby.

That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

St. ANN's. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which that a - lone can fill: The firmament and stars obey Their great Creator's will

STEPHENS. C. M.

Jones.

O Thou whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh, Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears, From sorrow's weeping eyes.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

I. Smith.

May we in faith receive thy word, In faith present our pray'rs; And in the presence of our Lord, Un - bo - som all our cares.

DEDHAM. C. M.

Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

NORWAY. C. M.

O, all ye lands in God rejoice, To him your thanks belong, In strains of gladness raise your voice, In loud and joyful song.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

Oh, may we ever hear thy voice In mer - cy to us speak; In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

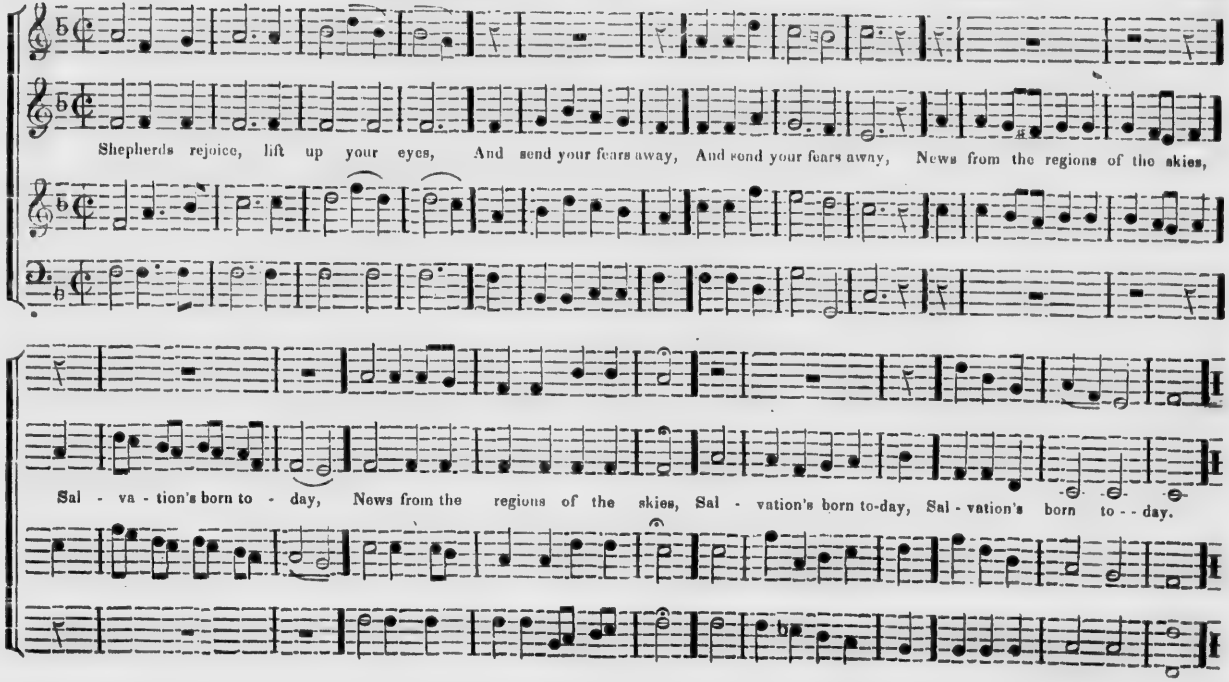
AMHERST. C. M.

Mozart.

My God, my King, to thee I'll raise My voice and all my pow'rs; Unwearied songs of sacred praise, Shall fill the circling hours.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

O render thanks and bless the Lord; Invoke his holy name, Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless, &c.


Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears away, News from the regions of the skies,
Sal - va - tion's born to - day, News from the regions of the skies, Sal - vation's born to-day, Sal - vation's born to - - day.

NEW BEDFORD. C. M. 2 verses. Italian Air.

I love to steal awhile away, From ev' - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day, In hum - ble grateful prayer.

I love to think of mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I adore.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky, Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

WAREFIELD. L. M.

High on a hill of dazzling light, The King of glory spreads his seat, And hosts of angels stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting round his awful feet.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. Beastall.

Great God, whose u-ni-ver-sal sway, The known and unknown worlds obey; Now give the kingdom to thy Son, Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

SHOEL. L. M.

Shoel.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves and bear them home; The voice long broke with sighs, shall sing Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

LUTON. L. M.

Burder.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song, Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise

BOWEN. L. M.

Haydn.

If in this darksome world I stray, Be thou my light, be thou my way, No foes, nor danger will I fear. While thou my Saviour God art near.

Legato.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Lintey.

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes! Breathe forth your souls in raptures high! In praises men with angels join;—Music's the language of the sky.

MUNICH. L. M.

German.

'Twas on that dark that dismal night, When pow'rs of death and hell arose, Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

VERNON. L. M.

German.

Lead us to God our final rest, To be with him for - ev - er blest, Lead us to heaven its bliss to share, Fulness of joy forever there.

TOWNSEND. L. M.

Holyoke's Col.

Oft in the visions of the night, My thoughts o'er all thy mercies roll, And ev'ry midnight wakeful hour, I trace the wonders of thy love.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

Stanley.

God of the seas, thine awful voice, Bids all the rolling waves rejoice, And one soft word of thy command, Can sink them silent on the sand.

SABAOTH. L. M.

R. Taylor.

O all ye people! clap your hands, And with triumphant voic - es sing: No force the mighty pow'r withstands Of God, the u-ni-ver-sal King.

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. C. Burney.

Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue: Hosanna to the e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

WELLS. L. M.

Holdrad.

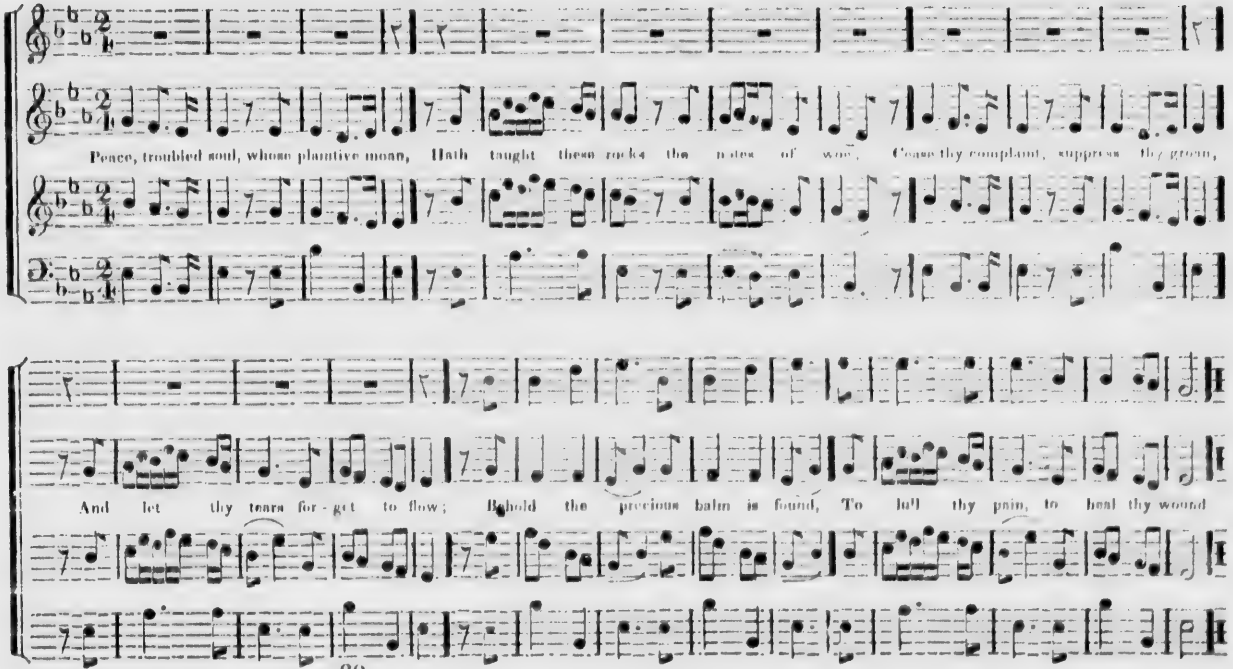
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

EATON. **L. M.** 6 lines.

Wyvill.

A - wake our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev' - ry trembling thought be gone! A - wake, and run the heav' - ly race,

And put a cheerful courage on A - wake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on!


Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe, Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears for - get to flow; Behold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound

BROOKLYN. **L. M.** 6 lines, or **L. P. M.** From Haydn's Creation.

Look up, ye saints, di - rect your eyes, To Him who dwells above the skies; With your glad notes his praise rehearse,

Who fram'd the migh - ty u - ni - verse, With your glad notes, his praise rehearse, Who fram'd the migh - ty u - ni - verse.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7's. 6 lines.

Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent, Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - du'd; See his bo - dy, mangled, rent,

Cover'd with a gore of blood, Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Murder'd God's e - ter - nal Son!

TAMWORTH. 8's, & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.

Lockhart.

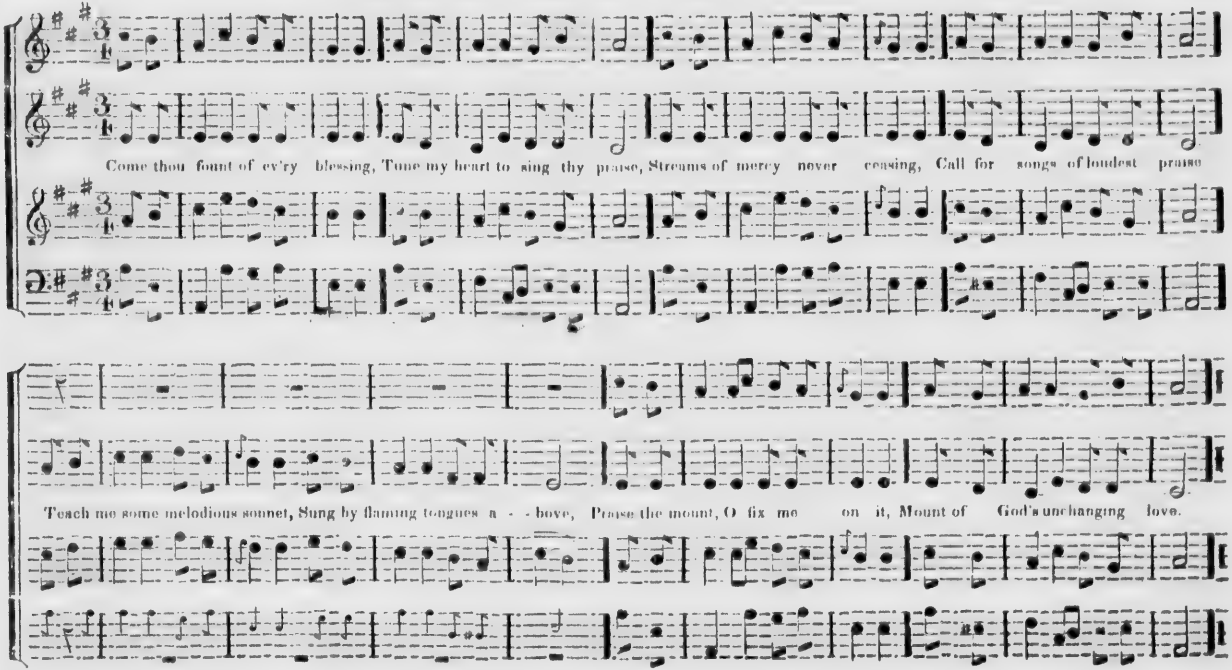
Praise to Thee thou great Cre-a-tor, Praise to Thee from ev'ry tongue, Join my soul with ev'ry creature, Join the ev - er - lasting song

GREENVILLE. 8's, & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.

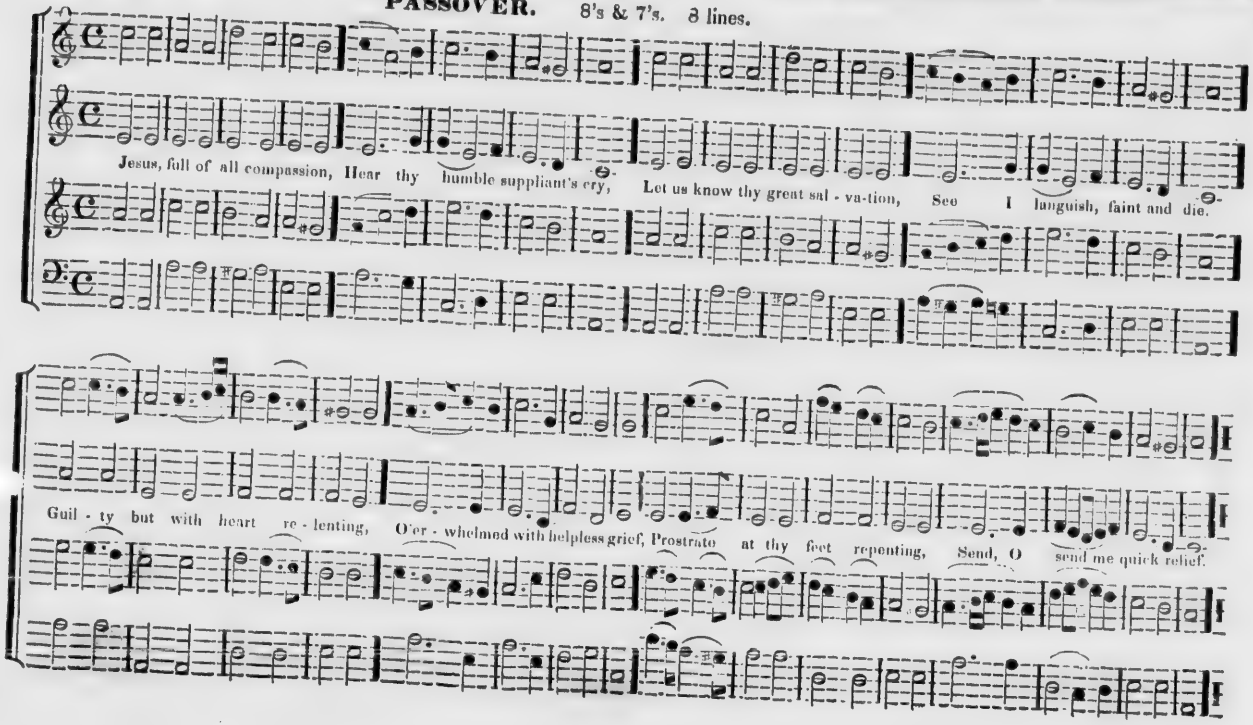
Rousseau.

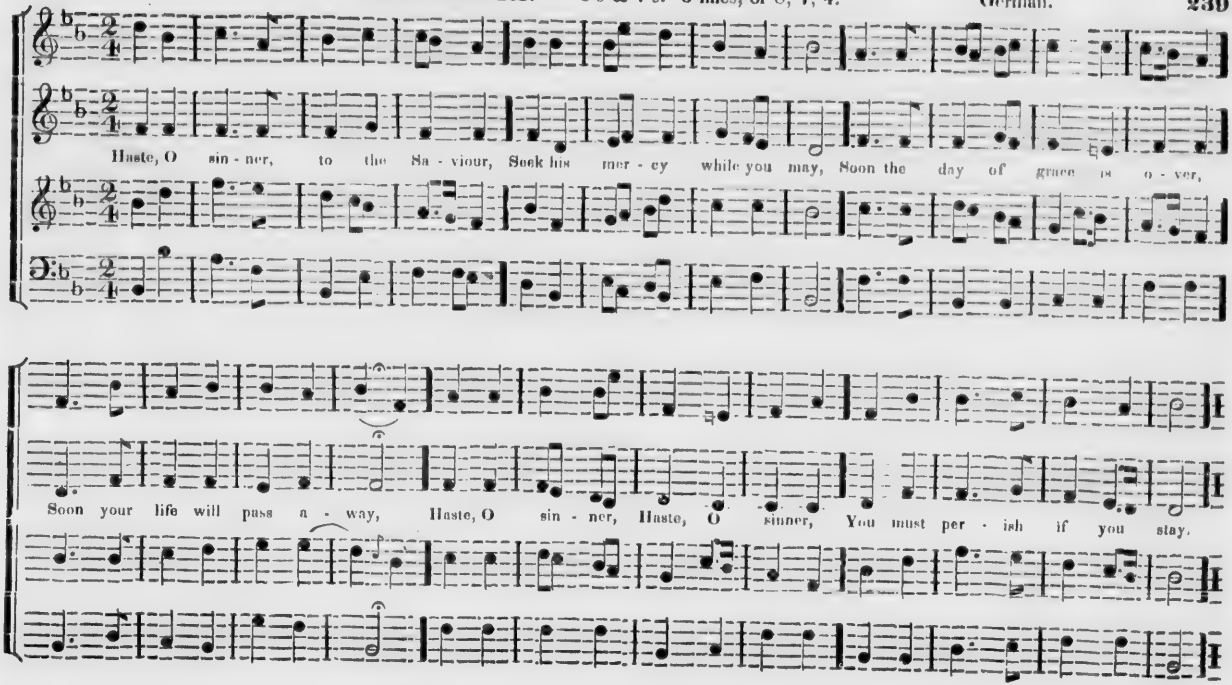
Fine. D. C.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this lowly vale of tears, And, O Lord in mercy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us with thy grace.


Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a - - bove, Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

PASSOVER. 8's & 7's. 8 lines.




Haste, O sin - ner, to the Sa - viour, Seek his mer - cy while you may, Soon the day of grace is o - ver,
Soon your life will pass a - way, Haste, O sin - ner, Haste, O sinner, You must per - ish if you stay.

VESPER HYMN. 8's & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, But my anxious, fears sub - side, Bear me thro' the swelling current,

Land me safe on Ca - naan's shore, Songs of prai - ses, Songs of prai - ses, I will ev - - er give to Thee.

NASHUA. 8's. Handel.

Ye angels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face, In rapture-s songs make him known, Tune all your soft harps to his praise

SHARON. 8's.

Encompass'd with clouds of distress, Just ready all hope to resign, I pant for the light of thy face, But fear it will never be mine

HADDAM. H. M.

The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is fix'd on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and maj - es - ty.

His glo - ries shine, with beams so bright, No mor - - tal eye can bear the sight.

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

Harwood.

Among the saints let me be found, Whene'er th'arch - - an - gel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face.

Then loud - - est of the crown'd I'll sing, While heav'ns resounding man - sions ring, With shouts of sov'reign grace.

RADIANCE. 10's. 6 lines.

Rejoice ye Heav'ns, ye shining ranks adore, Sin, cease thy triumphs; death, exult no more, See from the pur - - ple east what glory streams,

Ce - les - tial radiance from yon visage beams, 'Tis He the promis'd Son who comes to claim, Great David's sceptre and extend his reign.

House of our God with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his graces sing, The op'ning year his graces shall proclaim,

And all its days be vocal with his name, The Lord is good his mercy never ending, His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

JUBILEE. 6's & 10's.

Slow. Cres.

No war nor battle sound, Was heard the world a - round, No hos - tile chiefs to fu - rious combat ran;

Unison.

Pia. Slow.

But peace - ful was the night, In which the Prince of light, His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan.

Unison.

GERMAN HYMN. 7's, or L. M.

Pleyel.

Lord at thy feet I prostrate fall, Oppress with fears to thee I call, Reveal thy pard'ning love to me, And set my captive spirit free.

"This Life's a Dream." [Hymn.]

J. Coale.

This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substan - tial and sincere, When shall I wake, and

"This Life's a Dream." [Continued.]

F. P.

find me there? When shall I wake and find me there? O glorious hope! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no

P.

My flesh, &c.

more control, The sacred pleasures of the soul, The sacred pleasures of the soul.

GRAVE P.

My flesh shall slum - - ber in the ground,

My flesh, &c.

Till the last trumpet's sound,

Sym. sound, Sym. Then burst the chains with

Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,

Tempo Primo. Sym.

Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,

F. F. P. F.

sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

"I will arise." [Sentence.]

Tutti.

Subject, Cecil.

Solo.

Pia.

I will arise, I will arise, will arise and go to my Father, and will say un - to him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have

Solo.

Pia.

Pia.

sinned, I have sinned against Heav'n and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son, And am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Beyond, beyond, the glitt'ring starry skies, Far as th'e - ternal hills, far as th'e - ternal hills; There in the boundless realms of light, Our

Trio.

dear Redeemer dwells, Our dear Redeem - er dwells. Im - mor - tal angels, bright and fair, In countless num - bers shine: At his right

"Beyond the starry Skies." [Continued.]

Chorus. Spirits.

hand with gold - en harps, They of - - fer songs di - - vine, At his right hand with gold - - en harps, They of - - fer songs di - vine, They brought his

Adagio.

chariot from a - bove, To bear him to his throne, Clapp'd their triumphant wings, Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, THE GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE.

Slow.

Pia.

Be with us all,

Pia.

The grace of our Lord Je - - sus Christ, And the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us all, Be with us

Pia.

Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.

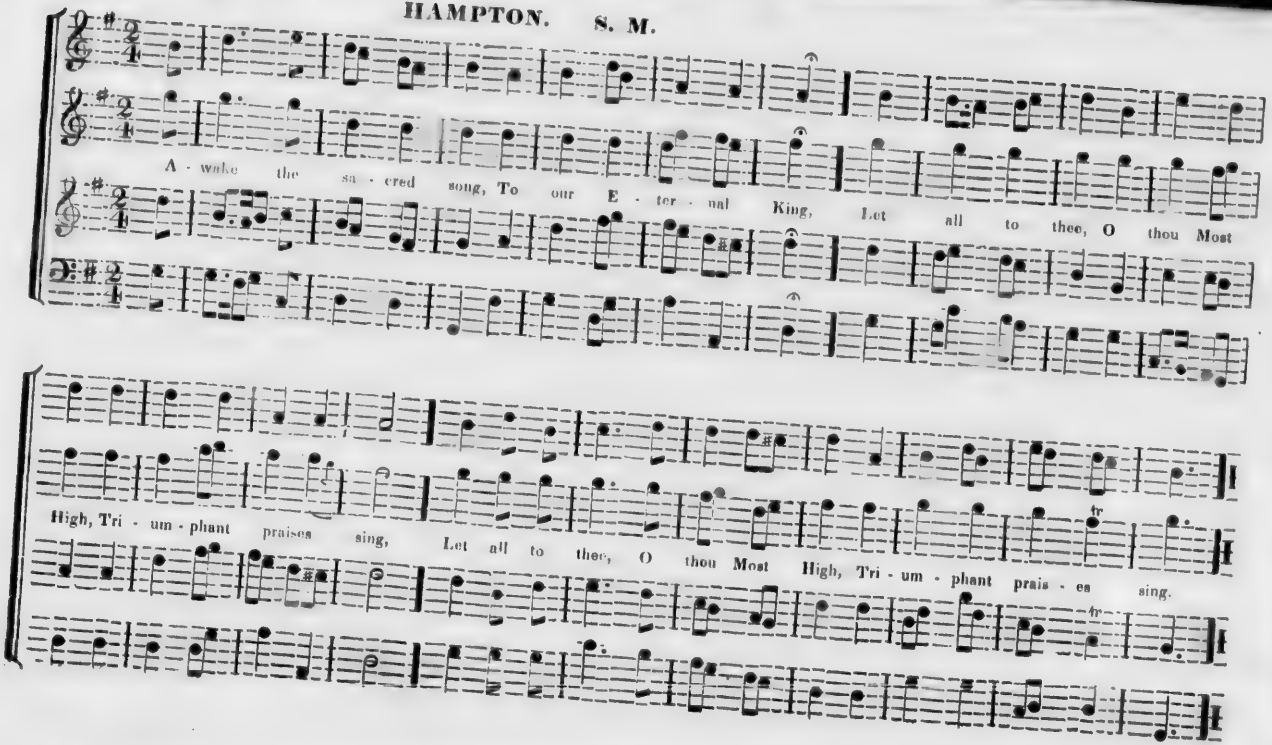
Be with us all,

all evermore, be with us all ever - more, A - men, A - men, be with us all ever - more, A - men, A - - men.

Be with us all,

For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.

HAMPTON. S. M.


A - wake the sa - cred song, To our E - ter - nal King, Let all to thee, O thou Most
High, Tri - um - phant praises sing, Let all to thee, O thou Most High, Tri - um - phant prais - es sing.

WHITFIELD. S. M.

Come all ye trembling saints, Your harps do ye up take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

BLACKBOURN. C. M.

The saints, when once from death set free, With joy shall mount on high; The heav'nly hosts with praises loud, Shall meet them in the sky.

CROWLE. C. M.

Among th'assemblies of thy saints, A thankful voice I'll raise; There I will tell my sad complaints, And there I'll sing thy praise.

St. BRIDGET's. C. M.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voices raise; Let heav'n and all cre - at - ed things, Sound our Immanuel's praise.

NATIVITY. C. M.

When shall we reach those blissful realms, Where peace forever reigns; And learn of yon celestial choir, Their own immortal strains, Their own, &c.

SCARBOROUGH. C. M.

Ado. ad. lib.

Let high born seraphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it fall Be - fore His face, who tunes their choir, And crown him King of all

Ado. ad. lib.

STROUDWATER. C. M.

Great King on high, accept the praise, Of these our humble songs Till tunes of nobler sound we raise, With on ur mor tal tongues

FAILSWORTH. C. M.

To yon dear world of light and bliss, A - bove the star ry skies, To join with saints in songs divine, My long ing soul would rise

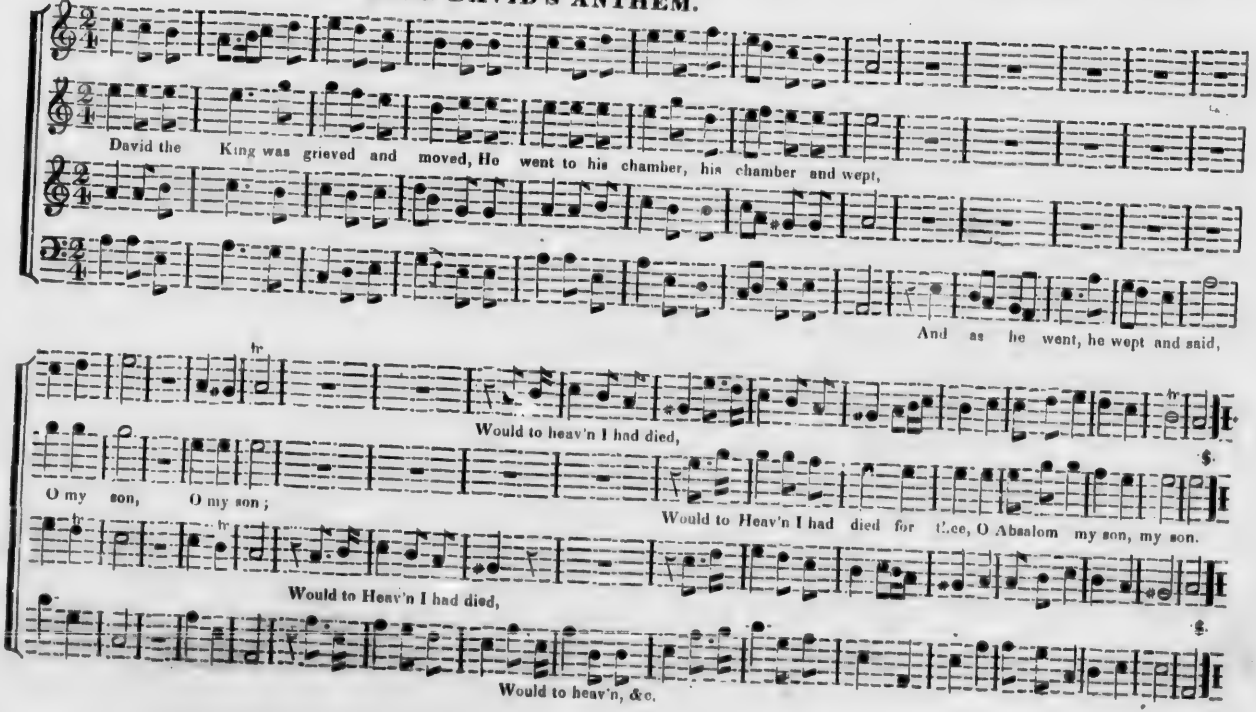
BRAMCOATE. L. M.

Sing praises to the Heav'nly King, Ye saints, with whom he loves to dwell; And while his courts with praises ring, To all the world his wonders tell.

CHAPLIN. L. M.

To thee, my Saviour and my King, Fain would my soul her tribute bring. Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise, Till blest with more exalted lays

KING DAVID'S ANTHEM.



ASHBURN. P. M. 7's.

Tune, &c.

Lord, on thee our souls depend, In com - pas - sion now descend, Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips, to sing thy praise.

Tune, &c.

HALIFAX. P. M. 6's.

Come and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine; Give we all, with one accord, Glory to our common Lord, Glory to our common Lord.

MOUNT ZION. P. M. 8s & 6.

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wil - der - ness, Who still your bodies feel, A while forget,

A while forget,

To that ce-les-tial hill,

your griefs and fears, And look be - yond this vale of tears,

To that celestial, hill To that ce - les-tial hill.

get,

To that ce - les - tial hill,

ZION. P. M. 8's & 6.

O love di - vine how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart, All ta - - - ken up with thee; I thirst, I faint, I

The love of Christ to me, - - - - - - - - - - -

die to prove, The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

The love of Christ to me, - - - - - - - - - - -

NEW HELMSLEY. P. M. 8. 7. & 4.

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove; Who for - ev - er bow be - fore thee,

And un - ceas - ing sing thy love. Hap - py songsters. Hap - py songsters, When shall I your chorus join.

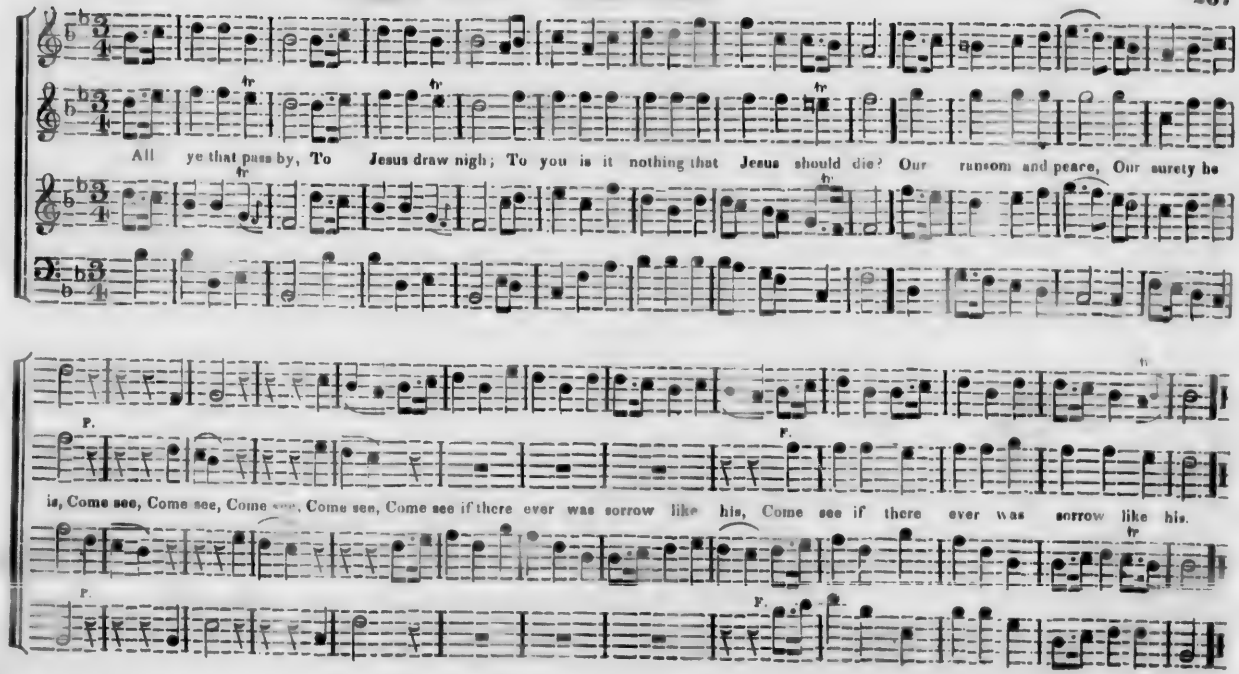
Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en-rap - tur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Almighty name; Let heav'n, & earth, &

seas, and skies, In one mel - odious concert rise, To swell the glorious theme, To swell the glorious theme.

SHILOH. P. M.

Who hath our re - - port be - - lieved? Shiloh come is not re - - ved, Not re - - ceiv - - ed by his own.

Promis'd branch from root of Jesse, David's offspring sent to bless you, Comes too low - - ly to be known.


All ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh; To you is it nothing that Jesus should die? Our ransom and peace, Our surety he
is, Come see, Come see, Come see, Come see, Come see if there ever was sorrow like his, Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

MARGATE. S. M.

Come let us praise the Lord, And magnify his name; Let us sing psalms to him with joy, And spread his glorious fame

ROMAINE. C. M.

O let me join yon raptur'd lays, And with the blessed sing, For I in songs of endless praise, Would magnify their King, Would, &c.

With songs the throne surround,

Hark! how the saints in lof - - ty strains, With songs the throne sur - round;

Hark! how they charm the star - - ry plains,

Hark! how they charm the starry plains, With an im - - mortal sound.

Hark! how they charm the star - ry plains,

CHRISTMAS. L. M. D.

Air.

To lof - ty themes my thoughts aspire, A - wake and tune the sa - cred lyre, With joyful anthems hail the morn, With joyful

Air.

anthems hail the morn, On which our Sa - viour Christ was born, On which our Sa - viour Christ was born.

CHORUS.

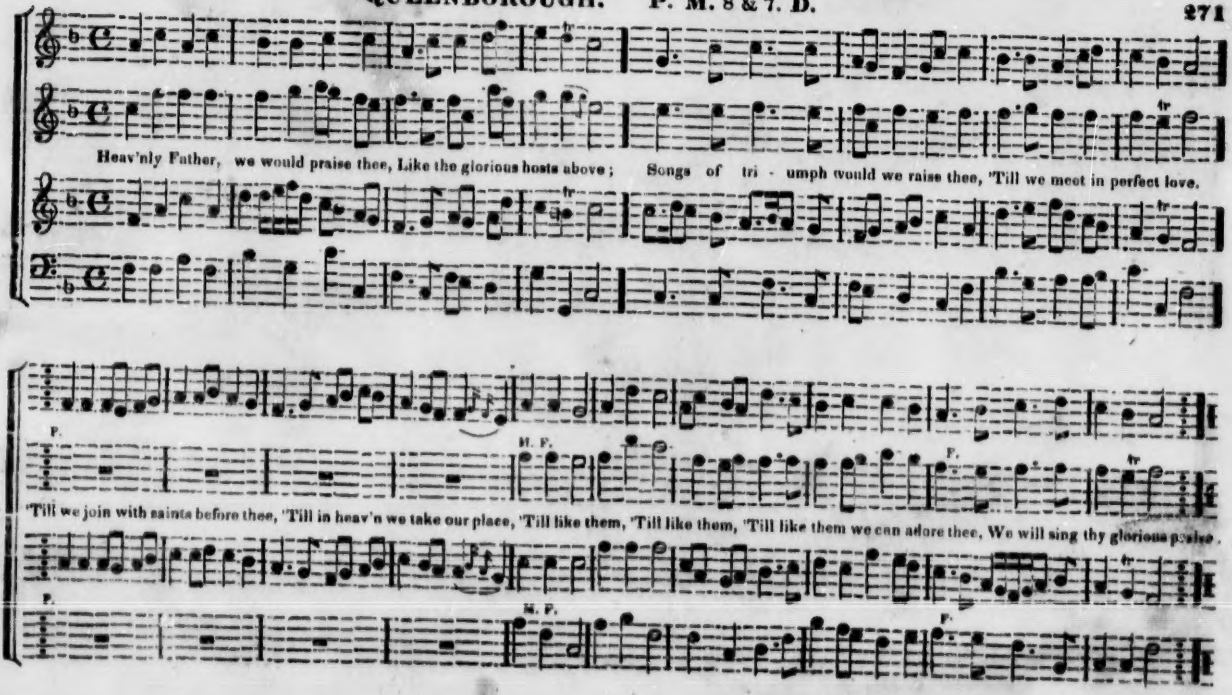
Repeat in Chorus.

M. P. F. Ado. ad. lib.

Glory to God, our notes proclaim, And peace thro' wide creation's frame; Good will to all the sons of men, Then chant in chorus loud amen, men.

F. M. P. F. Ado. ad. lib.

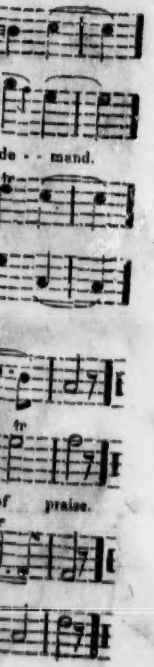
QUEENBOROUGH. P. M. 8 & 7. D.



SABBATH. P. M. 4 6's, & 2 8's.

A - wake, A - - wake, Awake our drowsy souls, Shake off each slothful band, The wonders of this day, Our noblest songs de - - mand.

Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays, Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise. Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays, Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.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f praise.